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SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

THE case of the people against WILLIAM H. MUMLER, of 630 Broadway, is one so remarkable and without precedent in the annals of criminal jurisprudence that we devote this page to illustrations bearing upon it. The charge against Mr. MUMLER is that, by means of what he terms spiritual photographs, he has swindled many credulous persons, leading them to believe it possible to photograph the immaterial forms of their departed friends.

The case has excited the profoundest interest, and, strange as it may seem, there are thousands of people who believe that its development will justify the claims made by the spiritual photographer. We shall not attempt to give an expression to our own opinions, but simply to follow the developments of the case through the testimony offered during the first few days of the trial.

It is through the instrumentality of Marshal JOSEPH H. TOOKER that the case has been brought before the courts. He deposes that he was ordered by Mayor HALL to investigate the case, which he did by assuming a false name, and by getting his photograph taken by Mr. MUMLER. After the taking of the picture the negative was shown him, with a dim, indistinct outline of a ghostly face staring out of one corner; and he was told that the picture represented the spirit of his father-in-law. He, however, failed to recognize the worthy old gentleman, and emphatically declared that the picture neither represented his father-in-law, nor any of his relations, nor yet any person whom he had ever seen or known. With this evidence the prosecution rested.

The counsel for the defense have brought forward a number of witnesses who testify to the genuineness of spiritual photographs taken for them by Mr. MUMLER. WILLIAM P. SNEED, a photographer, of Poughkeepsie, testifies that MUMLER succeeded in producing spiritual photographs at his gallery in Poughkeepsie, and he was unable to discover how it was done. Judge EDMONDS, one of the most distinguished advocates of Spiritualism, deposed that he had two photographs taken by MUMLER; the spirit form in one of them he thought he could recognize, but not the one in the other. He said: "I believe that the camera can take a photograph of a spirit, and I believe also that spirits have materiality—not that gross materiality that mortals possess, but still they are material enough to be visible to the human eye, for I have seen them; only a few days since I was in a court in Brooklyn when a suit against a life assurance company for the amount claimed to be due on a certain policy was being heard. Looking toward that part of the court-room occupied by the jury, I saw the spirit of the man whose death was the basis of the suit. The spirit told me the circumstances connected with the death; said that the suit was groundless, that the claimant was not entitled to recover from the company, and said that he (the man whose spirit was speaking) had committed suicide under certain circumstances; I drew a diagram of the place at which his death occurred, and on showing it to the counsel, was told that it was exact in every particular."

A large number of witnesses deposed that they recognized the forms of departed friends (in some cases of those long dead) in the photographs taken for them by MUMLER. The most striking case was that of a gentleman of Wall Street, whose deceased wife's features both he and his friends distinctly recognized in a photograph taken for him in this way.

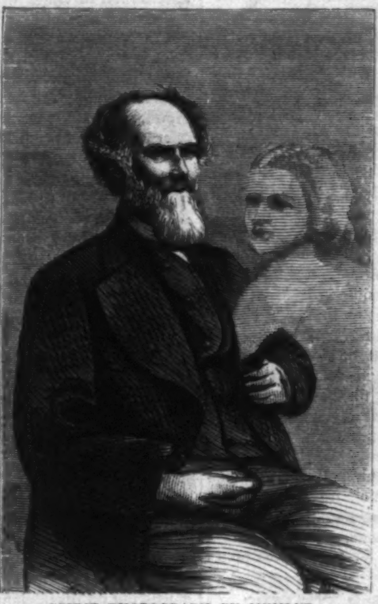
If there is a trick in Mr. MUMLER's process it has certainly not been detected as yet. To all appearances spiritual photography rests just where the rappings and table-turnings have rested for some years. Those who believe in it at all will respect no opposing arguments, and disbelievers will reject every favorable hypothesis or explanation. Mr. MUMLER has certainly been very fortunate. He has been believed in, in the first place, by a large number of people. He has obtained, again, a good price for his photographs; for who could expect spirits to be called "from the vasty deep" for less than ten dollars per head? And, finally, he has been prosecuted, and thus extensively advertised. Beyond this, the trial, like all legal prosecutions of this nature, will amount to nothing.

In addition to our illustrations of specimens of Mr. MUMLER's spirit photographs, we give also representations of similar photographs taken by Mr. ROCKWOOD of this city. The latter were taken by natural means, but not so as to escape detection as to the trick resorted to to secure the result. Mr. MUMLER has certainly the advantage of a longer experience in the business.

W. H. MUMLER.

MRS. W. H. MUMLER.—BY MUMLER.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH BY MUMLER.

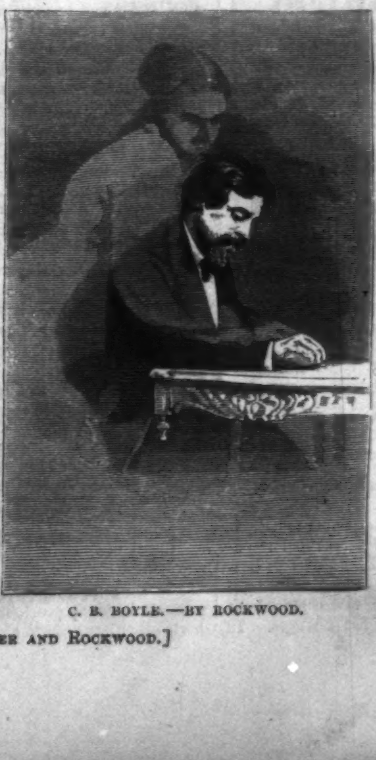

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH BY MUMLER.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH BY MUMLER.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH BY MUMLER.

SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH BY MUMLER.

P. V. HICKEY.—BY ROCKWOOD.


C. B. BOYLE.—BY ROCKWOOD.

SPIRITUAL PHOTOGRAPHY.—[SPECIMENS FURNISHED BY MUMLER AND ROCKWOOD.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 8, 1869.

AMERICA AND SPAIN.

WHAT has been and ought to be the policy of the United States in regard to colonial revolutions upon this continent with parent and foreign powers? This is a question which is just now as timely as it is interesting.

The war between Spain and her American colonies began in 1810. But it was not until the 8th of March, 1822, twelve years afterward, that President MONROE, in a special message, stated to Congress that the provinces had been so successful that it was a question if they should not be recognized as independent; for they not only were so in fact, but there was no prospect of their ceasing to be so. After long and able debate, and with the approval of JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, then Secretary of State, Congress authorized the recognition. But it was not until after ten years, in 1832, that Spain acknowledged what had been long a fact.

In 1823 Mr. CANNING, the British Foreign Minister, with the intention of baffling the designs of the Holy Alliance, urged the United States Government to join in a declaration that, while nothing should be done by either power to obstruct negotiations between Spain and her colonies, yet that they would not see the transfer of any part of the colonies to another power "with indifference." Mr. CANNING'S urgency was so stringent that in his annual message in December, 1823, President MONROE said: "With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European power in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States." In another part of the same message the President said: "The American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

These statements compose the famous MONROE doctrine; of which Mr. EVERETT, one of the most prudent and careful of our students of international law, says: "It has never, in any acceptation, received a legislative confirmation; it rests upon its original basis as an executive declaration, wise and seasonable at the time it was made, creditable to the administration from which it proceeded, and beneficial to the country and the cause of free government throughout the world."

Neither this American declaration nor the sending of British consuls to some of the principal ports ended the war. In the month of May, 1825, JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was President and HENRY CLAY was Secretary of State. The war had now continued for about seventeen years, and the United States were very anxious that Spain should formally recognize the fact that she had lost her hold upon the American continent. With this purpose Mr. CLAY wrote to our Minister in Russia, Mr. HENRY MIDDLETON, to ask that government to use its influence with Spain. In the course of his vigorous letter Mr. CLAY says: "In the war which has so long been raging between Spain and her Colonies the United States have taken no part either to produce or to sustain it. They have been inactive and neutral spectators of the passing scenes. Their frankness forbids, however, that they should say that they have beheld those scenes with feelings of indifference. They have, on the contrary, anxiously desired that other parts of this continent should acquire and enjoy that independence with which, by the valor and the patriotism of the founders of their liberty, they have been, under the smiles of Heaven, so greatly blessed. But in the indulgence of this sympathetic feeling they have not, for one moment, been unmindful of the duties of that neutrality which they had deliberately announced."

Mr. CLAY proceeds to describe the actual situation: "Throughout both continents, from the western limits of the United States to Cape Horn, the Spanish power is subdued.......Not a foot of territory in all that vast extent owns the dominion, not a bayonet sustains the cause of Spain.......Some of the most considerable of the new States have established governments which are in full and successful operation, regularly collecting large revenues, levying and maintaining numerous and well-appointed armies, and already laying the foundations of respectable marines........From the vicinity of Cuba to the United States, its valuable commerce and the nature of its population, their Government can not be indifferent to any political change to which that island may be destined. Great Britain and France, also, have deep interests in its fortunes, which must keep them wide awake to all those changes. In short, what European state has not much at stake, direct or indirect, in the destiny, be it what it may, of that most valuable of all the West India islands?.....They [the United States] are satisfied with the present condition of those islands [Cuba and Porto Rico], now open to the commerce and enterprise of their citizens. They desire for themselves no political change in them. If Cuba were to declare itself independent, the amount and the character of its population render it improbable that it could maintain its independence." Mr. CLAY adds, in conclusion, that the United States would have been justified in seizing Cuba and Porto Rico in reprisal for the injuries to American citizens and property from pirates who found succor and refuge in Spanish territory; but that they had preferred patience and moderation and scrupulous respect for the sovereignty of Spain.

President MONROE and Mr. CLAY were representatives of what is called an "American policy." And what that policy was in respect to the relation of foreign nations to this continent and its dependencies is plain from what we have quoted. In brief, it was this: the United States will not forcibly expel any foreign power in colonial possession; but it will tolerate no further foreign acquisitions or control upon this continent; and when the hour "ordained by Providence" of a separation between the colony and the remote parent arrives the United States will naturally ardently sympathize with those who are striving for independence, but will only, "on great consideration and on just principles," acknowledge "the governments who have declared their independence and maintain it." Is not this a good policy? Can we improve it? Have not nations duties as well as sympathies? In his late speech Mr. SUMNER follows Mr. CANNING in stating that belligerence is not a principle, but a fact; and that an actual war, and an organized government directing it, must be established before there can be a just recognition of belligerent rights. NAPOLEON would have no paper blockades. International law, and, we may add, the peace of the world, will have no belligerence without actual belligerents.

If we propose to punish Spain for the old Bourbon Government of Cuba by expelling her from the island, the proposition is at least as distinct as it is absurd. We might, indeed, reflect that Spain has by a bloodless revolution deposed the Bourbons, and in a national assembly of the people has, with virtual unanimity, decreed universal suffrage. We might reflect that we owe some sympathy and regard to a people which has so quietly overthrown a despotism, and which is peacefully establishing a free popular government in its place. But it is perhaps useless to expect active sympathy for a freedom which does not produce sugar.

For three years Crete, with unparalleled bravery and enormous sacrifice, has fought, under an organized government, with Turkey, the most changeless of Despotisms. Thermopylæ is not a more heroic name than Canea. But, with the exception of a very small number of persons, nobody knows or cares any thing about Crete. For some months there has been trouble in Cuba, but as yet the whole movement is involved in profound obscurity. There is no organized government of Cubans, so far as we can learn; there has been no serious battle of which any account has been published, and yet there is a loud warmth of sympathy which all the three heroic years and deeds of Crete have not aroused. Now, if Cuba were not a sugar island, and could not be made profitable to its owner, should we care more for Cuban than for Cretan liberty and independence? And do those who are most persistent and vociferous in the cry of Cuban independence mean the independence of the island or its annexation to the United States?

If the Cubans are resolved upon independence, and mean to fight with the deadly earnestness that is necessary to obtain it, they will certainly have the sympathy of the best part of the people of the United States. But that sympathy must necessarily wait for some evidence of such a purpose and such a spirit.

THE ENGLISH QUESTION.

IN a speech at Glasgow Lord STANLEY, who made the *Alabama* treaty with Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON, said: "There has never been any question upon our side of offering reparation for willful and intentional wrong, because we do not admit, and we have no right to admit, that any such wrong was ever committed by us." He added that international law is vague, and that England may have unintentionally done wrong, and is willing to leave that point to an impartial arbitrator. Mr. SUMNER says it is evident that England did wrong, and must therefore apologize. And in saying this, as we stated last week, he unquestionably speaks the general sentiment of this country.

International law is merely custom, and every nation decides its action for itself. In doing this it necessarily takes all the risks, moral and sentimental included. If a rebellion breaks out in Yorkshire, and the United States Government instantly proclaims neutrality, and exhorts all citizens not to aid either belligerent, it undoubtedly treats the insurgents in Yorkshire precisely as it would treat France if it declared war against England. It at once dignifies insurgents with the attributes of an equal status with that of Great Britain, and it assumes the consequences. If it should happen that privateers were presently built in New York for the Yorkshire cause; that they sailed and destroyed British ships wherever they could find them, having no ports into which to carry them for judgment; that some such ships, after being built and escaping in a manner which the Secretary of State described as "a scandal and reproach," were entertained and aided in other American ports; and that the American press and Congress rang with cheers for the deeds of these vessels in the Yorkshire service; and if it should chance, after three years of such events, that England should unconditionally subdue the rebellion, and again extend her rule over Yorkshire, and upon the request of the British Government to come to an understanding, the United States should reply that they were willing to make reparation for willful wrong, and to leave the question of wrong to an arbitrator, how would England feel and what would England do? That is a question for Englishmen to consider. If England should say that the United States must first of all confess that they had done wrong and apologize, how would the United States feel and what would they do? That is a question for us to consider.

Some months ago, in speaking of this question, we said that nations did not apologize in this manner, and that there were but three ways of settling such a difference: a congress, a commission for claims and damages, or war. Now, apart from the feeling between the two countries which, in the case of our late troubles, was heated to the highest degree, and still remains dangerously warm despite the watering-pot of Mr. REVERDY JOHNSON'S eloquence, there is but one pivotal question of international law underlying the whole controversy. It is not at all whether England acknowledged the rebel States as belligerents too soon, viewed as an act of friendship to the United States. Of that we think there can be no question. But the remedy for *that*, if we choose to press it, is war. It is folly to suppose that England will confess that she is sorry she was not more friendly in 1861. An offense of sentiment can not be settled by a treaty.

The practical point of the difference is this: whether ocean-belligerency can be properly conceded by a neutral to contestants who have no ships nor prize courts, and whose actual situation, as Mr. SUMNER says, is "without any of those conditions which are the essential prerequisites to such a concession?" A ship sailing in the name of a belligerent under such circumstances can have no other court than its own deck—that is to say, it can have no court at all, and it necessarily has no other status than that of a pirate. Upon such a theory a handful of Indians upon the Plains, fighting with United States soldiers, may have frigates built and equipped in England or France sailing on every ocean and annihilating American commerce. If it be impossible in international law that such a belligerent as the rebel States were can have such a ship England is responsible for the whole amount of loss from rebel privateers. But if it be good international law, England is responsible only for the consequences of such escapes and evasions as the British Government should have prevented.

That the ground taken by England is untenable upon sound principles of international comity is the point to which we trust the attention of the British Government will be invited in any new negotiations.

GENERAL DULCE'S FOLLIES.

THE trouble in Cuba and the feeling in this country toward England make the case of the *Mary Lowell* important. This was an American brig loaded with arms which put into one of the Bahamas, and while in charge of the British authorities was seized by a Spanish ship of war, taken to Havana, and there condemned by a prize court. Of course the first movement upon our part is to ask the British Government why the brig was not protected, and whether she were surrendered under protest. If it appears that the British authorities were unable to protect the vessel and protested accordingly, the next question must be addressed to the Spanish Government.

The case of the brig *Lizzie Major* was similar to that of the *Trent*. Two passengers were taken from the vessel and imprisoned. Mr. FISH sent for the Spanish Minister in Washington and told him that the prisoners must be released, and an apology and indemnity and ample reparation of every kind offered. Señor ROBERTS replied that his Government would undoubtedly act as requested. There was some delay in hearing from Spain, and the Secretary of State sent for the Spanish Minister and suggested that delay was very dangerous, upon which Spain is understood to have acceded to every demand.

General DULCE, the Spanish Governor-General in Cuba, recently issued a very foolish proclamation that all vessels with arms and munitions of war on board, captured in Spanish waters or near Cuba, will be treated as pirates. Mr. FISH suggested to Señor ROBERTS this violation of recognized international law, and, upon due representation to Spain, the Government instantly disavowed the proclamation.

Spain has evidently very foolish agents; but there is no reason to apprehend that she will persist in any conduct which is manifestly at variance with good neighborhood or the laws of nations. We hope that the United States will do the same. The Secretary of State is fortunately not a Captain Bobadil, and he is not likely to swagger. He will doubtless reflect that the United States is a powerful nation, and that its character will be determined by the use of its power. A bully among nations is as contemptible as among men. Nobody, probably, likes to recall Greytown now. Spain is undoubtedly weak, and the United States are strong. But who remembers without an honest blush the proposition signed by the three chief foreign ministers of the United States sixteen years ago, to steal Cuba from Spain for the strengthening of slavery?

The Secretary of State may be very sure that the better sense of this country demands reluctance to take offense rather than an eagerness to perceive affronts. If we are to be regarded as the parent of really popular governments, we are especially to consider that Spain is at present remodeling her government in that form, and that the Spanish colonial policy is consequently yet to be developed. But whatever that policy may be, if it shall appear that any colony seriously wishes to be independent, it will undoubtedly, as we have said elsewhere, be sure of the sympathy of the American people.

CONDITION OF TRADE.

THE stream of currency which, until the middle of April, had been against New York, turned toward us at that time, and has created an easy money market. This change indicates that provision is being made for spring purchases by a much larger class of dealers than the market has yet felt, and there is a corresponding increase of activity. Merchants from the Northern and Western States have hitherto held back on account of deep snows in some quarters, and in others from a desire to wait until the market had become settled. There is nothing like speculation in trade this spring; on the contrary, it is marked by uncommon prudence.

Cotton goods are held with some want of confidence on account of the price of the raw material, which, however, shows much steadiness, notwithstanding the unusual movements in England. At Preston the dispute between the operatives and mill-owners remains unadjusted, and a number of spinners and weavers have been sent off, many of them to the United States, in order to meet the demand made by the mills for reduced wages. Although a great many looms have been stopped, those remaining at work seem to have the capacity to supply the trade in England with as much of their fabrics as is now required.

There is a large diminution in the number of yards of cotton goods exported from England recently, and but little probability of such an immediate advance as to place the trade on a sound footing. The disturbance is due to the inequality between the production of materials for food as compared with those for clothing, and can be corrected not until a good crop shall have been grown. The London *Daily News* informs us that the famine on the borders of Prussia and Russia has been renewed this year, and it would appear from the London correspondent of the New York *Times* that in portions of England some agricultural and other laborers were subsisting on insufficient food. In India it was hoped that recent extensive rains gave promise of relief from the late insufficient harvests. The contest in England on the subject of wages is an unavoidable result of the world's inability to give adequate support under the circumstances to her manufacturing industry.

The revolution in Cuba is watched with great interest on account of the importance of its sugar crop, which constitutes nearly a third of the world's production. Refined hard sugars, which were at 15¾ at the commencement of the rebellion, went up to over 20 cents per pound, and receded to between 16 and 17 cents from various causes. Accounts were very contradictory as to the real state of things, and consumption was immediately checked by the rapid advance, which advance was founded on the supposed prospect of success on the part of the insurgents. The lesson is instructive, as it shows with what rapidity we anticipated a large advance in prices, and how certain it is to be followed by repentance.

The importation of fruit this season from the Mediterranean has been attended with severe losses on account of the simultaneous arrivals of vessels at this port laden with such cargoes. The losses were principally in oranges, which sold at not enough to cover freights and charges. This trade at Boston is conducted in clippers built expressly to make the voyage in the shortest time, and such is the spirit of navigators that the captains of some of them, after passing Gibraltar, sleep in their clothing in order

that they may be instantly ready for every change of weather. A first arrival often pays for the vessel. An arrival during a glut exposes to heavy loss; but when that is over, and is followed by scarcity, the market is often fortunately hit with a fresh cargo. The English conduct their trade with the Mediterranean without as much loss as we suffer from damaged fruit, as it is conducted in steam vessels which do not hold the fruit long enough to inflict damage from heat. The trade with us, which is always precarious on account of the length of the voyage and the necessity of using sailing vessels, was this season very disastrous. "We lost a pile this year," was the remark of one of the copartners of a considerable house.

Congress adjourned, as we assured our readers it would, without arriving at any adjustment of policy with respect to financial affairs, and it has become more difficult than ever to predict when any will be adopted. The number of those who will resist contraction of the currency has been augmented by heavy speculations in real estate and in stocks; but we repeat what we have often said, that the quantity of money is certain to remain a fixed quantity over the United States for the remainder of the year at least. The effect of this is not generally understood, inasmuch as there are many who still look for an early panic, disastrous in its consequences, as the immediate result of our present activity in speculation. Every severe money market is regarded as the premonitory symptom of impending danger; but it is found that an extraordinary demand for money in any quarter is immediately met by supplies from other quarters, and the expected difficulty vanishes. It is due to the fact that the quantity of what we have continues fixed and within reach, whereas great panics are the result of a large diminution in the quantity from exportation to foreign countries, which is not possible when contracts are made and enforced only in a local currency. The trade of this season will therefore be conducted with the certainty that the time has not yet arrived for any distress resulting from organic changes present or anticipated.

We can not allow our readers to suppose, however, that although the advantage we have named attends our financial condition, we do not desire a radical change in our finances. It is the true interest of the country to return to specie payments as soon as it can be done with safety, and we regret the temerity that, in the face of this obvious and imperative duty, encourages speculation and extravagance.

Perhaps, in the absence of legislation, this tendency might be checked by a voluntary policy on the part of conservative banks. The duty performed for years by the Metropolitan Bank of assorting and returning country issues was chiefly voluntary, and might be renewed without legislation with solid advantage.

To what extent we may rely on legislation and how much on voluntary combinations is a question soon to be forced on those who feel a responsibility for the safe working of financial affairs. If we have not reached the point where the roads fork we must soon do so; and when we reflect that extravagance, speculation, and expansion mean repudiation, and that the absolute control of these tendencies is alone compatible with safety, solid bank officers must consider whether, in the absence of legislation, they will not take the firm course which will save the honor of the country.

THE RHODE ISLAND LINE.

WHEN Senator SPRAGUE declared that the Rhode Island soldiers of the First regiment in the war were cowards, and that their Colonel, now General BURNSIDE, ran into places of safety during the battle, he did not expect that the people of the State, or the survivors of the regiment, would quietly acquiesce because Mr. SPRAGUE is a Rhode Islander, and he knows that the State, though small, has a fair fame as precious to it as if it were an empire.

The moment his speech was read in his own State the sentiment of indignation was universal, and it instantly took form in an address, signed by General HORATIO ROGERS and about thirty-five hundred of the soldiers and citizens of Rhode Island, inviting General BURNSIDE to meet them at a public reception, that the country might perceive how profound the difference of opinion in regard to that officer is between Senator SPRAGUE and his fellow-citizens. General BURNSIDE declined the demonstration, but in his letter he briefly recounts the history of his regiment, and exposes the untruthfulness of the Senator's statements.

It is to be hoped that the Senator's modesty is not the measure of his veracity. He remarks in his speech that the First Rhode Island regiment was raised and equipped by his individual exertions. The truth is, by General BURNSIDE'S account, that when the Government called for troops, Mr. SPRAGUE, then Governor, appealed to the people, and telegraphed to BURNSIDE, then in New York, to come on and command a regiment. On the same evening BURNSIDE arrived in Providence, and found the people as prompt and warm as he was. No effort was needed there more than elsewhere in that inspiring moment to raise troops, and more than enough for a regiment and a battery immediately offered. The State paid for uniforms, equipments, rations, bounties, and transportation. "All Rhode Island troops," says General BURNSIDE, "were raised by the loyal sentiment of the people, and the expenses were paid by them."

When the regiment and battery reached Washington Senator SPRAGUE says that they "moved in fear." General BURNSIDE says that "no body of troops ever moved with greater alacrity and less fear." They were sent to General PATTERSON, and being hastily recalled to the defense of Washington marched thirty-five miles on the first day, and were especially complimented by General SCOTT for their promptness. When the movement was made toward Manassas Colonel BURNSIDE was in command of a brigade, which included the First and Second Rhode Island regiments. Senator SPRAGUE says that BURNSIDE'S own regiment, the First, "refused to move." The General quietly remarks, "this statement is false." A few men discussed the time of the expiration of their enlistment, a wrangle which was instantly suppressed by the Colonel. The action at Bull Run was opened by the Second Rhode Island, "and never did men fight better." The First Rhode Island presently went into action with the battery. They formed, loaded, and fired coolly. "Like a flock of sheep," says Senator SPRAGUE. "They fought like old soldiers," says General BURNSIDE. The First regiment furnished more than six hundred men and officers to other regiments, many of whom rose to high renown. "Mr. SPRAGUE'S statements as to the retreat of our forces are untrue," remarks the General. The men of BURNSIDE'S brigade were the last to cross Cub Run in retreat. They "marched back in a body," while Mr. SPRAGUE, instead of controlling them "on horseback" and "jumping fences," returned to Washington in an ambulance, and "was in bed while the Rhode Island soldiers were steadily marching back to their old camp." The Senator adds that the regiment refused to wait, and left Washington by the next train. "This statement is untrue," remarks General BURNSIDE; "we reached Washington on Monday morning at daylight, and remained there until Thursday night;" and the Colonel offered to remain longer, but was directed by General SCOTT to take his regiment home.

General BURNSIDE, with natural and simple dignity, says that he has nothing to say to Senator SPRAGUE'S personal charges. "My conduct is well known to my comrades and to the people. My character and reputation must rest upon their testimony, and not on any statement of mine." He adds that he has many letters and documents from Mr. SPRAGUE, both official and private, dated at various periods during the war, expressing the warmest confidence and friendship.

Upon one side in this controversy is Senator SPRAGUE'S unsupported assertion, made evidently under great excitement. Upon the other are the authentic records of the war, the testimony of eye-witnesses, and the statement of General BURNSIDE. But to all those who know Rhode Island and Rhode Islanders no refutation of the alleged cowardice of the Rhode Island line—the line of GREENE upon the land and of PERRY on the sea—is necessary.

OFFICE-SEEKING.

BY a hard necessity of the case which Mr. FESSENDEN grimly described, Senators and Representatives in Congress are compelled to solicit office. "It is," says Mr. FESSENDEN, "a melancholy truth that they are agents to get office for their constituents......As the matter now stands, a Senator or Representative must look out for those offices." But is there a Senator or Representative with an honorable sense of his position and duty who would not prefer to be relieved of the necessity? Is there one who is not aware that it is not a legitimate and proper part of his official function, whatever the present apparent predicament may be? Mr. TRUMBULL proposes a measure of relief. He says that the Government can not endure this increasing strain of Senatorial solicitation of office, and therefore at the next session he will introduce a bill making it a penal offense for any member of Congress to go to the Departments begging for office. See how it works. General PILE was nominated by the President as Minister to Brazil. He was rejected by the Senate by a vote of 25 to 21. The President then sent for the papers recommending him, and it appeared that five of the Senators who recommended his nomination voted against his confirmation.

If they had discovered in the mean while that he was an unfit person, they did right in voting to reject him. But the fact as stated shows most forcibly how careful any man ought to be in recommending persons for office, and that a Senator ought not to recommend at all, because his previous action necessarily hampers his judgment in confirmation. It was, of course, very much more difficult for Senator CRAGIN or Senator WILSON to oppose General PILE after recommending him, because their good judgment and consistency were involved. But Mr. TRUMBULL'S bill will be opposed by the same feeling that imperils Mr. JENCKES'S Civil Service bill, and that retained the Tenure-of-Office law. That feeling is the love of power. Men are generally willing to pay the necessary price for the possession of power of any kind. Under the custom that has now almost the force of law the Senate is the seat of power in our system. Mr. SUMNER is reported to have said that the Senate is the Government. It is certainly the most powerful branch of it. So, although in the midst of such a scramble as has just closed in Washington, many a Senator would gladly embrace the opportunity of future relief, yet when he reflects upon all that such relief involves, it is very possible that, being human, he will be willing to take the chances still.

Mr. JENCKES'S Civil Service bill would relieve the particular difficulty at which Mr. CARPENTER'S resolution aimed, and which Mr. TRUMBULL denounced. But it would not affect, as many seem to suppose, the chief struggle. In his last speech upon the subject in the House, on the 5th of April, Mr. JENCKES said: "This measure, it should be remembered, deals only with the inferior officers whose appointment is made by the President alone or by the Heads of Departments. It does not touch places which are to be filled with the advice and consent of the Senate. It would not in the least interfere with the scramble for office which is now going on at the other end of the avenue, or which fills with anxious crowds the corridors of the other wing of the Capitol. It relates only to the appointments which may be made in secret, which seldom meet the eye of the reader of newspapers, but which are a hundred-fold more numerous than those which await the confirmation of the Senate, and without which the Government could not be carried on."

Mr. JENCKES'S bill does not include postmasters, nor any kind of diplomatic officer, nor assessors and collectors of the internal revenue. The exception is very large. There are about 60,000 names in the Blue book, and there are 24,000 places within the gift of Heads of Departments that are included in the bill. But the bill is a step in the true direction; and when the country sees how much better it is to have intelligent and competent officers than mere political agents, it will cry aloud for more. As for the practical relief to those interested in politics—not upon the huckstering side, it is to be considered that the Custom-house appointments are included in Mr. JENCKES'S bill.

Meanwhile it is for good men in the Senate and House to decide whether the present system is either desirable or safe.

DIPLOMATIC.

MR. SANFORD'S nomination as Minister to Spain was not confirmed, and he remains at Brussels. The President will appoint some one in his place, as it is understood that Mr. HALE returns home; and it is very clear, irrespective of any personal considerations, what kind of Minister the emergency demands in Spain at this time. It is true that a Minister is bound by instructions, but it is no less true that it makes a vital difference who is instructed.

Our Minister to Spain goes to one of the earliest friends of the United States. In the summer of 1776 a Marblehead privateer, sailing under authority of Congress, put into the port of Bilboa for supplies and munitions. There were prize prisoners on board, and they instantly protested to the local authorities, and demanded the arrest of Captain LEE of the privateer as a pirate. The case was referred to the Ministry at Madrid. The English Minister warmly supported the protest. But while the Ministry hesitated, the news of the Declaration of Independence arrived, and instantly the protest was dismissed, the flag welcomed, and the supplies furnished. GEORGE SUMNER tells the story in his excellent oration in Boston ten years ago. The early friendship of France has been always gratefully remembered—let not that of Spain be forgotten. Both, indeed, had their own purposes, but they helped ours.

Moreover, as we have remarked elsewhere, Spain is now establishing a truly popular government. Universal suffrage and freedom of the press are already guaranteed, and nothing can aid the good cause more surely than the true friendship of the United States. Let us have in Spain, therefore, a man of unblemished character and career, of whom every American may gladly say that he represents the best type of American citizenship. Let him also be a man whose political principles and sympathy with the spirit that, after so sharp a contest has prevailed, are deep and sincere, and whose life has been their faithful witness. Then let him be of quick mind and large knowledge and of a just and generous disposition, knowing that national glory is not essentially different from individual honor, and that no nation can honorably do what, under similar circumstances, is morally forbidden to a man.

Such a Minister, with patience, coolness, and sagacity, will show the government and people of Spain that, while every American necessarily sympathizes with the aspiration of all men every where, in Cuba as in Spain, to be politically as well as personally free, he does so without forgetting international duty. Such a Minister would show that, if a friend to Cuba, he is not an enemy to Spain.

This is not an ideal Minister, for the United States has now, and has had before, such foreign representatives.

NOTES.

IN *Harper's Magazine* for May begins the new story by the author of John Halifax, "A Brave Lady," and it begins with the interest with which Miss MULOCH or Mrs. CRAIK always invests even her opening chapter. It will be copiously illustrated, and our readers need nothing more than the announcement that the story begins to begin with it. Among the other excellent things in this Number is an article upon "the Working-men of the Middle Ages," which is full of timely interest.

THE Grand National Peace Jubilee is certainly to take place in Boston during the month of June, and more than two hundred men are busily at work erecting the coliseum or inclosure in which the colossal and continental and mammoth concerts are to take place. It is announced that the coliseum will be thoroughly lighted and ventilated, and that thousands and thousands of listeners can be accommodated. The attendance will very probably be enormous. All New England will of course come, and a large part of the rest of the country. It is an affair of immense promise and proportions.

IN a late Number of the *Radical* is a paper upon the Palaces of America, which is the name given by the author, Mr. FRANK J. SCOTT, an accomplished architect of Toledo, to the public schools. He proposes that as the school-houses are the most important buildings in the country they should be also the most beautiful; noble in architecture and surrounded with lovely gardens and groves. The enthusiastic author "scouts the idea that there is any thing in a republican form of government that requires us to be simple in our tastes or moderate in our public expenditures," and he becomes a poet in developing his scheme.

IN "Planchette," a very pretty volume of the "Handy-Volume Series" by ROBERTS BROTHERS, there is a copious and popular, but faithful, summary of the phenomena and theories of modern "Spiritualism," by "E. S.," evidently a profoundly interested and competent student of the mystery. The ample knowledge and literary skill with which the subject is treated makes this volume an indispensable manual to all who are attracted to this speculation; and it will be read with great interest by the skeptic as well as by the believer.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS ITEMS.

THE Hudson River has risen higher this spring than at any season during the past twelve years. All the low-lying portions of Troy and Albany were submerged; structures of different kinds were swept away, and traffic on the railroads converging at those points suspended. The lime contained in the Glenn's Falls Warehouse at Troy becoming heated by the water, the building was set on fire and destroyed. In New England freshets prevailed every where.

General Canby orders the test oath to be administered to all persons who are now holding office by election in Virginia.

The Oxford boat's crew have accepted the American challenge for a four-oared race in August next.

A terrible accident happened to the passenger train on the Long Island Railroad on the morning of April 23. A rail broke at Willow Station, a mile and a half from Jamaica, and threw the rear car from the track, and the latter, as it struck the ties, turned over on its side, when the broken rail and the ties broke through the side next the ground, leaving the passengers to fall through to the track, while the wreck was dragged over their bodies for some distance. Six persons were killed and eleven seriously injured.

We have another terrible story of suffering at sea, caused by the brutality of the officers of the American ship *Richard Robinson*, which arrived at this port April 17. The crew show marks of ill-usage, and declare that they were beaten with belaying pins, brass knuckles, and other implements of a similar character; that some of them were hanged by the hands until they were paralyzed; and that the lives of some of them were only saved through the interposition of the Captain's wife.

FOREIGN NEWS.

IN the House of Commons on April 19 the amendment postponing the operation of the bill for the disestablishment of the Irish Church till 1872 was lost, the majority against it being 107.

The Spanish Cortes is still occupied with the question as to what form of government shall be adopted. The article in the Spanish Constitution decreeing universal suffrage has been adopted almost unanimously.

An amendment for establishing a moderate censorship of the Press has been rejected, and the original provision guaranteeing liberty of the Press, the freedom of meeting and association, and the right of petition, has been carried by a large majority.

The tendency in favor of Montpensier for King of Spain is still strengthening. A resolution has been adopted by the Cortes excluding the heirs of Queen Isabella from the throne. This is deemed favorable to Montpensier's accession.

The Government at Madrid has ordered that the proceeds of the property of disloyal parties, confiscated in Cuba, be applied to defray the expenses of the war.

A Commission, appointed to examine the Penal Code in Italy, have unanimously agreed in recommending the abolition of capital punishment.

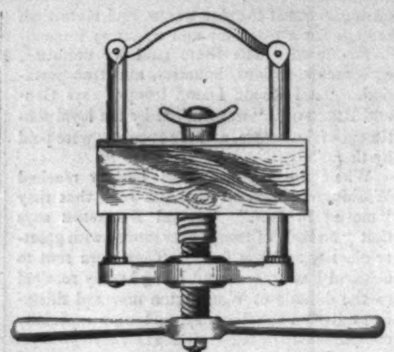
The Bellini Theatre at Naples, Italy, was destroyed by fire on the night of April 18.

The Pope's Encyclical letter was strongly condemned by Prince Hohenlohe, the Bavarian Prime Minister, during a recent discussion in the Bavarian Chambers relative to educational matters.

JACQUES OFFENBACH, THE FRENCH COMPOSER OF "OPERA BOUFFE."

GARROTING OF POLITICAL PRISONERS IN CUBA.

We give on this page three illustrations which are very characteristic in their connection with the Cuban Revolution. One is a representation of the execution of Medina and Leon in Havana on the 8th of April; the other two illustrate the *garrote*, the instrument of execution. One is a top view of the iron-work of the garrote. It



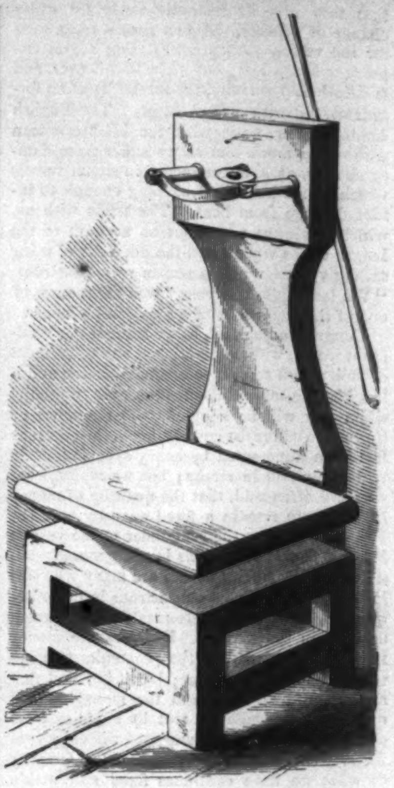
THE GARROTE.

is attached to the upper part of a post about three feet in height. The principal feature is a peculiar treble-threaded screw; one half is left-handed, the other is right-handed. Affixed to the back end is a double handle by which the screw can be turned. The front half of the screw passes through the post, and turns in a nut fixed in the latter. About an inch from the end there is a curved piece to fit the back of the neck. The end of the screw is somewhat rounded. To the back half of the screw a cross-bar is fitted. From the ends of this two rods pass through holes in the post. To the end of one a semicircular "cravat" of iron is hinged, so that it can be closed upon the end of the other rod and pinned to it. A half turn of the screw will draw back the cravat by means of the left-hand screw, cross-bar, and rods, while at the same time the point and curved piece will be thrown forward an equal distance. There is a seat attached to the post, which is so adjusted that the point of the screw will come against a particular portion of the spine.

When the culprit is seated the cravat is closed and pinned, and at a given signal the executioner gives a quick turn to the screw. The spine is broken and death is instantaneous. Seldom does the slightest movement or even tremor of any part of the body take place.

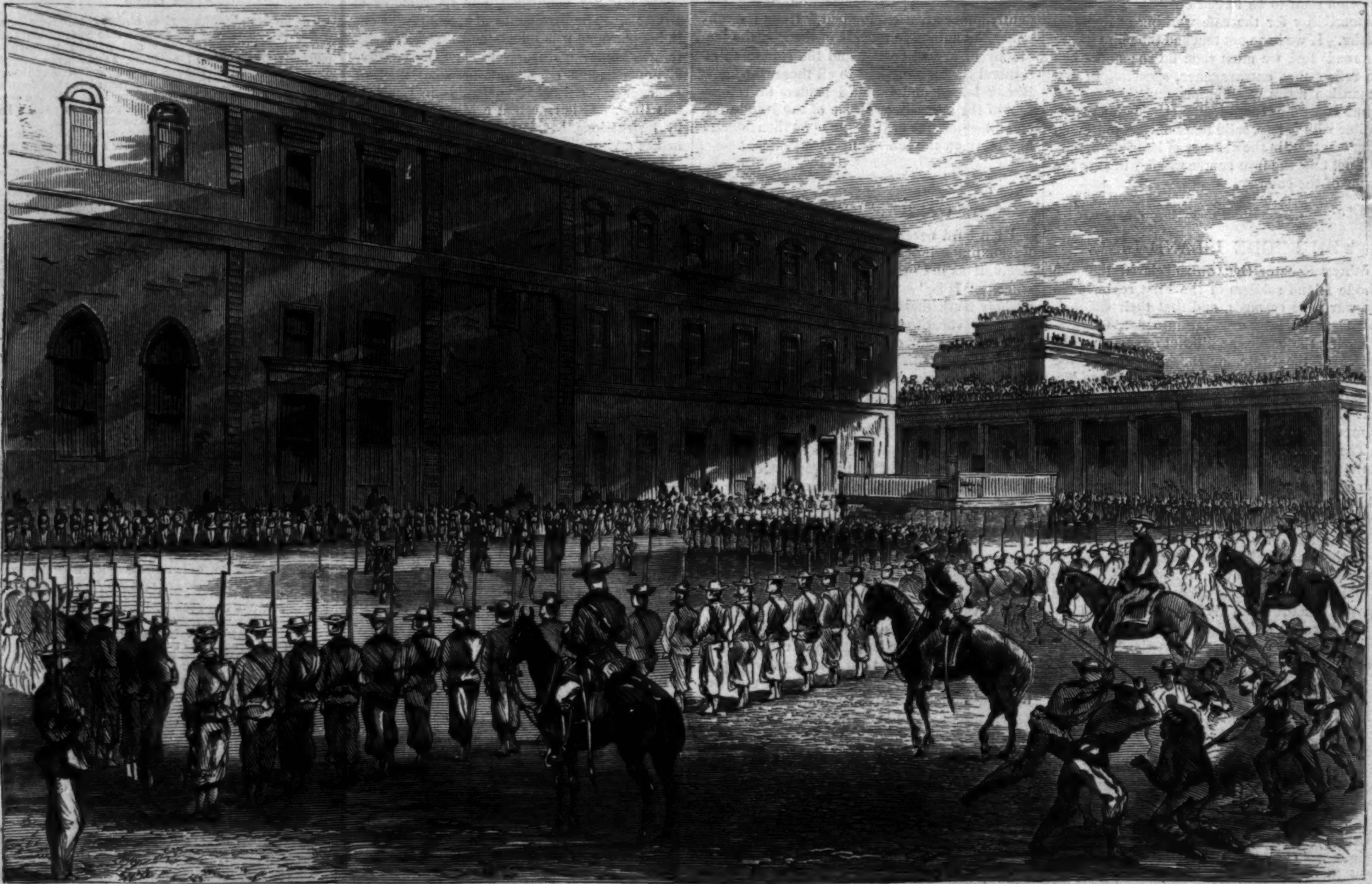
The persons sentenced to death are placed in *capilla* (chapel) the day previous, where they have the attendance of a priest, and are furnished with any thing they need. An instance is recorded of a Chinese murderer asking for and getting a bath of rose-water. The sentence of the courts is usually death by *garrote vil.* By the old laws if a nobleman is to be executed the sentence must be by *garrote noble.* The only difference is, that in the first case the platform is not sheltered or its boards covered, while the nobleman can demand to have a roof over him and his feet rest on a carpet. There is but one garrote in the Department, and when required at any place it is sent under an escort of soldiers, together with the executioner. Undoubtedly the execution by garrote is less inhuman, and less disgusting to the spectator, than any other mode of capital punishment.

The crime for which Leon and Medina were executed consisted of secreting arms in Havana for the benefit of the patriots. As these men



THE PRISONER'S SEAT.

were led to execution a remarkable incident occurred, which at the same time illustrated the bravery of the victims and the brutality of the Spanish soldiers. There was an immense crowd present to witness the execution, of whom not a small portion sympathized with the patriot cause. Leon, when he reached the scaffold, in spite of an attempt made by the priest to dissuade him, determined to speak. In order to gain a hearing he cried out *viva España!* which was responded to by *huzzas* from the Volunteers. He then went on to denounce, in a few brief words, the oppression of which he was a victim, and ended his harangue with enthusiastic *vivas* for Cuba, independence, and Cespedes. This conduct so astonished the drummers, who had been ordered to drown any seditious remarks by the noise of their drums, that they were taken all aback. As the first words of the prisoner had called forth the cheers of the soldiers, so his final *vivas* met with a tumultuous response from the Cubans. In their rage the Volunteers turned upon the vast crowd and fired, killing or wounding over a score of unarmed persons. Efforts had been made, but unsuccessfully, by Mr. Hall, the American Consul, to prevent the execution.



EXECUTION BY GARROTING OF LEON AND MEDINA AT HAVANA, April 8, 1869.—[Sketched by our Cuban Artist.]

BY THE MERE SIDE.

'Twas a sweet balmy summer day;
I stole toward the dimpled mere,
Where oft, with slow and lonely steps,
I came my doubting heart to cheer.

Twinkling with myriad smiles it lay
O'ershadowed by the loving trees,
Whose branches waved a fond embrace,
Rocked by the gently playful breeze.

Each flower with its perfumed breath
Methought did yearn to kiss my cheek,
And whisper of that angel's peace
My doubting heart had come to seek.

I sat beside the dimpled mere,
And gazed upon its joyous face,
Whose laughing humor seemed to add
To each reflected flower new grace.

The faint distortions which it limned
Of every weeping-willow's bough,
Seemed but to say with mirthful ire,
"Be sad to-morrow, be joyous now."

The very insects lay asleep,
In lazy ecstasy of joy:
Amid such peace they must forget
Their stings had power to annoy.

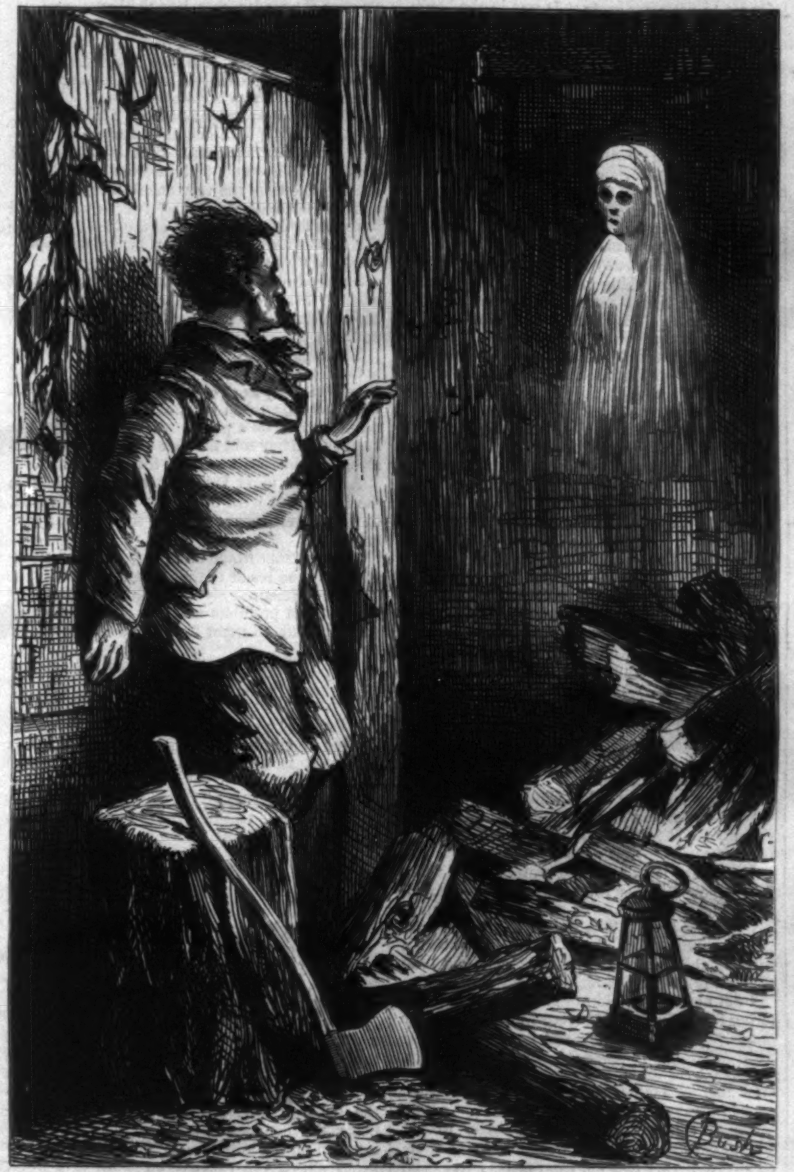
And so I gazed into the mere,
To read my beating heart's fate there,
And all I saw was glowing hope,
And not one darkling shade of care.

I laughed and whispered to the flowers
"She loves me; yes, she loves but me;"
Their rippling faces bowed and said,
"She loves thee; yes, she loves but thee."

THE FACE OF HORROR.

I am a very nervous man, and extremely superstitious. Owing partly to constitutional infirmity, and still more to the thoughtless folly of a miserable old nurse, who by her ghost stories made my childhood a scene of terror, my imagination has always been filled with fearful images. While a lad I was always afraid in the dark, nor have I yet, although a full-grown man, so far overcome my imagination as to feel entirely at ease when alone at night in a house. In vain I attempt to reason away my fear. Reason is all very well when the sun shines brightly and friends are around, but when darkness comes down, and when loneliness is added to it, then fancy has full sway, and all wiser thoughts are useless.

I was once staying at a house of mine in the country. I am passionately fond of the country. I live there all through the summer months, from the first disappearance of snow till the very verge of frosty weather, and am never happy in the town. On this occasion I was left alone in my house. The family were all away. Even the servants had gone, and the old house-dog had gone also with the family.



"THERE APPEARED, ALSO, THE DIM OUTLINE OF A WHITE FACE."

I confess that it was with much trepidation that I found myself entirely alone, and I looked forward to the night with considerable dismay. However, I tried to banish my fearful thoughts from my mind, and concluded to trust in Providence. So the day gradually faded away, and night came on. As the shades thickened, and gradually a deeper gloom was apparent, I began to lament my fool-hardiness in venturing against my own nature to dare the terrors which I knew were before me. My usual nervous fears were rapidly beginning to overcome me. To have gone away even then was possible, but I was ashamed to yield to such childish feelings. I therefore tried to struggle against them as best I could. I went around the house, fastened the doors and windows, entered into the sitting-room, lighted the lamps, and tried to make preparations for a quiet evening.

Had there been a dog, or even a cat, or a bird in the house I should have felt easy in mind. But there was no living thing except myself, and so the sense of loneliness which already oppressed me grew stronger, and it was in vain that I struggled against it. The thought that outside of the room door, and all through the house, there was the awful pall of darkness enshrouding all things was too much for me.

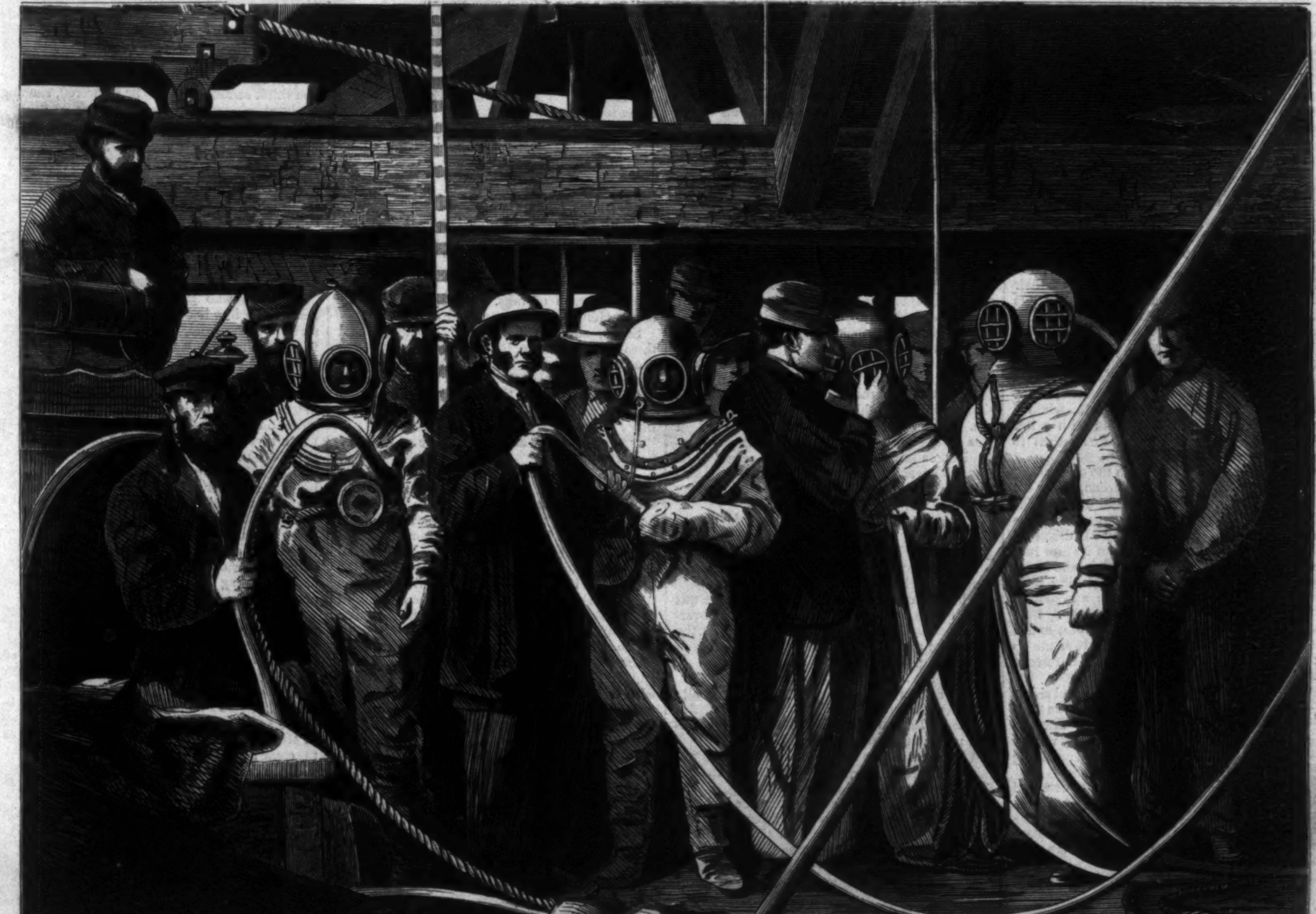
In vain I resorted to all the usual remedies which are resorted to in such cases. I drank a stiff glass of brandy, and smoked several large pipes, in the vain endeavor to strengthen my nerves. It was all useless. The soothing principle was not forthcoming. I could not quiet myself, and the thought of retiring to bed in the midst of this overpowering loneliness was intolerable.

The worst of it was that all the while I was fully conscious of the extreme childishness, the worse than folly of my feelings. My reasoning faculty was perfectly sound, it was my nerves that were out of order, and I could not withstand the physical infirmity.

At last, in a sort of desperation, I thought that perhaps active exercise might be beneficial. If I were only to light my lantern, take an axe, and bluster about in the wood-house, I might possibly distract my troublesome thoughts.

No sooner thought of than done. Without giving myself time to think I lighted a lantern, took my axe, and swinging it about, and singing a loud song, I stamped forth into the wood-house.

Arriving there I put the lantern on the floor, and taking down a quantity of wood, I began to cut and chop most vigorously; stick after stick fell before my efforts, and I was beginning to congratulate myself upon the success of my plan. At length I got a huge knotted stick in my grasp and began to struggle with it. The stick was so tough and strong that it gave full exercise to my patience, and was rapidly taking the chief place in my thoughts, when all of a sudden my proceedings were abruptly stopped.



SUBMARINE DIVERS EQUIPPED FOR THEIR DESCENT.—[See Page 295.]

I heard a low sigh close behind me.

Down went my axe and stick. A cold thrill passed through every nerve.

I trembled.

Yet I reasoned a moment. It is a mistake. It can not be—

My reasonings were suddenly interrupted. The same sound came again. I turned my head, by an irresistible impulse.

The window of the barn was just behind me. It was from that direction that the sound seemed to come, and to that direction my eyes were forced to turn. As I slowly turned my eyes encountered two other eyes, round, bright, staring, which glared at me from behind the window. To my startled senses nothing else was apparent except these eyes. They seemed to draw all my gaze into theirs, and exhaust all my life and all my strength. There appeared also, as I stared, the dim outline of a white face, of deathly pallor, over which a cloth partly hung covering the brow. The lips seemed to move, yet I heard no sound whatever. But the stare of the eyes held me spell-bound. I had strength neither to speak, nor to move, nor to cry. The awful fascination of the face sent thrills of horror through me, and at each successive thrill my strength failed me. I was conscious of nothing but the horror of that sight. I did not try to think what it was. I did not venture to think of going closer to examine it. All reason and reflection faded away utterly at the presence of overmastering fear; and never in all my life had any fear which I had ever felt in any degree attained to the proportions of this overwhelming passion—this anguish of terror which now paralyzed me. It was a fright of which one might die.

But as I stared the face gradually vanished. I staggered back, and drew again the breath which had almost left me. Then with a wild impulse I rushed out of the shed.

Once out in the open air, away from walls of houses, I felt calm. It is a singular thing that nervousness never affects me any where except within a house. I am fearless when under the sky. I have traveled carelessly over the loneliest roads. I have no concern about church-yards. I would walk through any one at any hour of night with no more concern than by day. I would rather sleep upon a tombstone in a grave-yard all night than sleep in a comfortable bed in a respectable house, if I had to be alone. What is the reason? The accursed effect of childish superstitions which referred always and invariably to rooms in houses, to garrets, and to cellars.

After a half hour's waiting, in which I beguiled the time by a smoke, and sauntered about the garden, I felt calm. I heard footsteps about, but thought nothing of them. They were cows, I supposed. I heard sighs, but smiled as I thought how terrible they would be if I were in the house. These sighs, I said to myself, are the breathings of the cows. But what about that face of horror? Could I account for that? I could not.

"I am diseased," said I; "my brain is out of order; my optic nerve is affected. Of course. That is why I see apparitions. This is what the books tell me."

By this time I thought that I would try the house again. I went into the barn to get the lantern. I refrained from looking at the window. I tried to hold my head averted. But there was some horrible fascination about it which I could not resist. My eyes seemed drawn there. I looked.

Great Heaven! there was the *horrible face!*

My blood froze in my veins. My eyes seemed starting out with utter horror. My hair bristled, cold chills passed over me, and it seemed as if my heart stopped beating. The face, deathly pale, dimly discerned, with its covering of cloth; the wild eyes, with the awful fascination of their gaze—these were before me, and seemed like Death himself in visible form. Again the lips moved; yet, as before, no sound escaped.

I stood frozen to the spot. My breath left me, my heart was still, my brain reeled. Had that horror lasted one instant longer I should have fallen either dead or at least senseless. Yet I was spared this. As before, while I looked the face passed away, and with a low sigh, which seemed to my agitated senses to fill all the place, it disappeared.

Once more I rushed forth into the open air.

A few minutes' walk in the garden, under the serene open sky, sufficed to restore me. The calm face of Nature was before me, and obliterated all horror, and took away all dread of that other face. The sweet face of Nature rose up over me, like the face of a mother who bends over her child as he starts up, shrieking from some terrible dream, and calms him, and soothes him, and seeks to lull him again to sleep. So I soothed myself; and I blessed Nature, and I blessed the Creator also who had given me so deep a love for Nature that her very presence could drive away all fear.

Once more in the open air footsteps, and sighs, and other sounds which arose, gave no more trouble than they would have given by day. These as they arose were scarce noticed, or if they were, I easily referred them to the cows of the adjoining pasture field.

I sat on a seat in an arbor of the garden, and mused pensively. The change from terror to peace was sweet indeed. The murmur of the night air soothed me still more. The dark shadow of the house rose in front of me; but so long as I was not inside its walls it had no terror. Let apparitions come in the open air if they chose, and I would face them with nerves of iron. They did not come.

For more than two hours I remained sitting there, until at last I had used up all my tobacco. I had made up my mind to pass the night there; but after my tobacco had gone, it was necessary for me to get some more. It was in the house. Could I go after it?

Worse still, the lantern was in the barn. Dared I venture again into that barn?

In the open air I felt bold, and in my calmness I made up my mind to try it. Fully conscious of my weakness in the house, I determined not to turn my head toward that window in the barn, but to go straight to the lantern, turning neither to the right nor to the left. Armed with the strength of this resolution, I ran to the barn, burst in, keeping my eyes only sufficiently open to see the light, seized it, and rushed out again. Nothing occurred. I heard no noise. I had conquered at any rate in that trial.

It was a small thing to do. It was a cowardly thing, yet it was done; and out in the open air once more I felt triumphant. Now could I venture into the house? Why not?

I did not stop to deliberate. I boldly entered, walked through the back entrance, from which I had come out, and passed along the hall into the front parlor.

The house was an old-fashioned one, low, with the windows only a few feet from the ground. The blinds had not been closed. The room looked cheerful and cozy. Oh, if I only might dare to sit quietly here and pass the night. Why not? Why not sit down and read and enjoy myself?

I put my light on the table, and sat on an easy-chair to see how I could stand it. Strange! Already my nerves had grown excited. Faint moans seemed to sound afar through the house. Up stairs seemed to me to be a region of horror. The dark hall seemed also terrible. Suddenly I jumped up and lighted the hall lamp. Then I lighted another, which I placed in the opposite room. I strove to drive away the darkness, thinking that thus I would drive away fear.

But my nervousness only increased.

"Pooh," said I, "I will put down the blinds and then I shall be relieved."

I rose and walked to the window.

Suddenly a sharp thrill flashed through me. Oh, my God! It had come again—the face of horror!

Yes, there it was, at the window; the white face; the cloth over the head; the large round eyes; the lips that moved but uttered no sound. I staggered back. The horror that came over me was intolerable. I fell to the floor with a freezing chill congealing all my blood, and bristling all my hair.

I did not die. I did not faint. An overmastering fear held me. My face was hidden in my hands. The Terror impelled me to fly—and I fled.

Forth I rushed, feeling as if the *Thing* were after me. I bounded out, and once more escaped into the garden.

Ah me! how sweet was that outer world! The moon shone brightly. The winds murmured sweetly. My fear fell from me. I was calm instantly and at peace.

Apparitions! These were possible to me, and terrible in the house; but outside I laughed at them. I walked up and down for some time.

The house was surrounded by a high fence, which inclosed the garden and a yard. The front of the house faced the road. The barn stood without the inclosure, and opened on the yard.

After a time the garden inclosure grew wearisome, and I determined to stroll about. Go back into the house I would not. Indeed, such was now the terror within that I could not. Yet outside I was free from fear, and I thought savagely how differently I would face that apparition under the sky.

Eager to amuse myself with a stroll, I unbarred the garden gate, and went out into the field. Then I walked around, and after a time I came out into the road in front.

Scarcely had I reached the road when I saw something standing by the window of the parlor. The lights flashed brightly out, and one dark figure stood plainly defined against this window. The front of the house was in the shadow, so that I could not see very plainly; but this I saw, that this figure was staring into the room.

In a moment the thought flashed upon me that this was the thing that had been terrifying me. There was no fear now—not a vestige. I was in the open air, and safe. A savage vindictiveness seized me. I would be revenged on *this*, whatever or whoever it was, that had dared to subject me to such agony, and expose my shameful weakness.

Silently, stealthily, and swiftly I rushed up to the window. The figure did not move. I grasped it with both arms.

A low moan escaped—a heart-broken moan—a moan which went to my own heart.

The face of the figure turned around. It was close beside mine: a white face, the brow overshadowed by an overhanging hood or shawl; the lips white and bloodless; the eyes large, round, and staring. The face was close by mine.

But I felt no fear.

The eyes were lustreless. Alas! I saw all: life was there, but the light of life was extinguished. Reason had fled. These were the eyes of a maniac that glared into mine!

The creature was a woman. She uttered nothing but feeble moans as she stared into my face.

A maniac! She had come where she had seen lights shining, attracted by the glitter. She had caused my anguish, but had no thought of it; she had made me weak, but had not been conscious of my weakness.

And all my anger straightway turned into pity.

The poor creature only moaned.

She had no words to speak. Sighs and moans were her only language.

I took her hand and led her gently after me. She followed unresistingly. I led her around through the garden gate, into the house, and into the parlor. I made her lie down on my sofa. I threw my dressing-gown over her.

She resisted not. She only moaned.

Strange! This thing of terror had become my companion. I was no longer alone.

All my fear departed at once. I had a living, breathing being with me, and at once all superstitious feeling vanished. Yet it was strange that the being who had inspired such horror should have been the very one to bring calm.

There are some among my friends who would have felt far more horrified at the idea of passing the night with a maniac than facing an apparition. With me it was different.

I played for this poor creature soft, soothing music. I sang to her. I offered her food. The music seemed to soothe her. The food she would not take.

The night passed quickly.

On the following day I found out that she had wandered away from a company of insane people who had been taken out from an asylum in the neighborhood on a picnic. I restored her to her keepers. They told me that her case was incurable, and that she was often fearfully violent.

After that night I did not venture to stay in the house, but went off, under various pretexts, to the nearest town every day till the family returned.

Some persons would have been cured of superstition by the result of that night.

I am different. My superstition is as strong as ever, and prohibits me from ever thinking of staying alone all night any where except out of doors.

RUTH'S STORY.

"In love! Of course you are; what good-looking young fellow ever goes through his first London season without a slight attack of the malady?"

"Well, but, Rue—"

"Well, but, cousin Fred; I don't want to hear any thing more about it. I am tired of love; every body's in love—Hester is in love, Godfrey is in love, you're in love, and, in fact, I'm the only person who is *not* in love."

And Ruth, who had the downiest peach-colored cheeks, colored a most beautiful rich crimson.

"What color is red?" sung out her cousin triumphantly, and then they both laughed, Rue the heartiest, for when didn't she laugh, this same Rue?

It was a large square room in a country house, a comfortable old-fashioned drawing-room, and the time was the sweet month of June. The window lay open, and a great scent of roses filled the air both within and without. Far into the distance stretched the green of meadow-fields, the boundary of hedges, and beyond a range of purple hills.

"Well, as you won't listen to my love-story, may I speak of something else? When is Mr. Urquhart coming to stay here?"

"Next week," Ruth answered, briefly.

"May I abuse him, Rue?"

"As much as you please, Fred."

"May I really? How kind! But I sha'n't; it wouldn't be fair. Where's Hester?"

"In the garden."

"I shall join her there; perhaps she may listen to my love-story."

"Perhaps she may."

And Ruth laughed again, and then he went out of the room.

"Rue, mamma says you are to mend my frock. Look here; I tore it by mistake trying to get some ferns in the grove."

Rue turned her head from the window, where she had been following with sad brown eyes the tall figure of cousin Fred, as he went off across the terrace to join Hester in the garden.

"What a sad child you are, Kit; you're always a bundle of rags. Hand me my work-box. Here, kneel down and keep quiet."

Stitch, stitch, stitch, went the needle and thread, Kit eager to be off, following with her eyes every bird that drifted by the window, every figure that crossed the terrace.

"I see Hester and Fred," broke out the child. "Hester and Fred are always together now, ain't they? Rue, may I go?"

"Yes; run off, and don't make a mess of yourself."

Away flew the little girl, and Rue fell to her stitching and her thoughts once more. "Always together now." Those words had given her quite a little start, and her thoughts made a journey back into a time when some one had been her property, and not Hester's at all. All that was changed now. She saw them coming toward the house laughing and talking; and as they came over the grass her thoughts were with other summer times. It was all over now. The blue dappled sky, the forest of trees, thousands of roses blossoming just as they used in those other long-ago days; and the man whom she had loved was far, far away—dead, perhaps, with a vast sea rolling between them. Ruth will never love another man more; she is carrying the memory of that one beloved one with her to a grave.

"I am very fond of Rue; I wonder does she know it, or is there any use in my telling her so?" Fred said to Hester.

"Don't ask me; Rue's a problem which the family have never been able to solve," Hester answered.

"Do you think she likes Urquhart?"

"I haven't an idea."

"Do you know what I think of him, Hetty?"

"What?"

"That he's a snob and a fool. Shall I give you a little sketch of his way of living? He spends Sunday in bed, reading *John Bull* and *Bell's Life*, with a cigar. He drinks more brandy, diluted in soda and water, than any three other men put together. He is well dressed, I confess, but he owes Mr. Poole a little account which that gentleman may go whistle for, I can tell you. There is always a delicate odor of *mille fleurs* and *bouquet d'amour* about him, which becomes quite oppressive when he takes out his pocket-handkerchief. He stands in the window of the Junior Carlton half the afternoon to show the passers-by that he is a member. His own brougham takes him to dinner parties. He never gets up until three o'clock P.M., and he is never in bed before four or five o'clock A.M. There are some Hebrew gentlemen who claim acquaintance with him. He pretends to teach me billiards, and I could give him fifteen in twenty. I don't believe he ever handled a gun or a bat in his life; and he owns a grand little Arab that he's afraid to mount. In fact, he's a snob and a sneak, and I mean to tell him so some day."

"He's gentlemanlike in his manners," Hester said, quietly.

"Ah, that's just it! I should like to write a pamphlet for young men, with a few hints how to get on with ladies. Walk as if you had a chronic pain below your waistcoat; look as if your collar would cut your head off if you turned to one side; speak, as—"

"Fred, you're jealous, I'm afraid."

Whereupon Fred began to laugh again, he was such a good-humored fellow.

"Rue, papa wants you in the study," a round-faced boy popped his head into the drawing-room to say, and Rue put by her work and hurried away.

"Well, papa?"

"Come over here. What do these bills mean?"

She went over, and bent her head over a pile of papers on the table. Well she knew those bills; she had pored over them dozens of times.

"The housekeeping, papa."

"I know that," he answered, tartly; "but I tell you one thing, we must curtail our expenses, or I sha'n't be able to keep a roof over your heads soon. Why, here's twenty pounds for a pack of children who ought to live on bread and milk."

Then Ruth, the drudge of the family, was allowed to gather up the unpaid bills and carry them off.

"Rue, do you mean to accept Mr. Urquhart?"

"Not before he asks me, Fred."

"But when he does?"

"You shall stop behind the curtain and listen, my inquisitive cousin."

"Rue, it's wrong of you to flirt with him if you don't mean to have him in the end."

"Why, Fred, I've been flirting with you all my life, but I don't mean ever to marry you, even if you ask me, dear old fellow."

She laughed, but the tears came to her eyes. What was one to say to such a girl, laughing one minute, crying the next? When he thought of her he grew provoked with her. Could she feel at all like other people? Could she even feel sorrow, or would not the sunshine break through her tears?

"You have no heart, Rue."

"None, Fred. Now you have got that foolish idea into your head that because I laugh a great deal, and see the ridiculous in so many things, I can not ever be serious."

"It would be hard to find a subject to make you think seriously upon," he answered, shaking his head.

"Do you think so indeed? Then you are unjust to me. You think I have no heart."

And had she—was she indeed so foolish? Ah, Fred! cousin Fred!

She was a girl who had no sort of shyness about her, who was as full of fun and frolic as a summer's day is of sunshine; who might be met running about the house after the children, singing and laughing with them; or who held sage Lord Burleigh councils as to how the cold leg of mutton might be cut up and hashed to the best advantage; who laughed sometimes until the tears came into her eyes at her own queer observations, and who, ten minutes later, was to be found dreaming in a morbid fit of the blues out in the starlight. The jolliest, kindest young soul that ever lived, whom the children loved and the servants worshiped. Other girls may have done more in their lives, but few so many little kindly offices for others. Where she got her spirits from was a mystery to every one, for never was there a more lamentable Castle Rackrent of a place than the Hermitage, her father's place. A sickly invalid mother, who seldom left her room, who left a house and nursery full of children in the charge of a girl of seventeen. A poor book-worm of a father, who lived apart from the family in a sort of a world of his own, who only came upon the scene when there was a bill to be paid, or a whipping administered to one of the children.

I don't know why I have taken this last chapter of Ruth's life to write about, except that I was in need of some little remembrance of her, for she and her pleasant ways have fallen out of my life. Of what avail was all the love that my little Rue had gotten to herself when the time came that God's hand was stretched out to gather the sweet spring flowers and bear them away to His own eternal garden, away from the "evils to come?" Whether cousin Fred loved her, whether the children and their father could spare her, whether Hetty began to find out that life at the Hermitage without kind, patient Ruth would become simple drudgery? No human love could avail. She died.

The children stole in and kissed her white face, and then began to cry. Cousin Fred, away with his regiment in a far country, felt as if he didn't want ever to see the Hermitage again because Rue was gone out of it.

The years go over, and children's voices sound, laughing and singing, through the rooms and in the garden. But Ruth never joins in their play, or peeps in to whisper "Hush!" and a caution

that "Poor mamma has a headache." Some one plays and sings in the library of evenings where she used to sing, but her young voice is singing in the celestial songs among the choirs of angels. Ruth's canary, a frail little bird with a poor worthless life sings all day in its cage in the drawing-room, but the strong heart of its mistress is still forever and forever!

THE RIVER OF TIME.

OH! a wonderful stream is the river of Time,
  As it runs through the realms of tears,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broad'ning sweep and a surge sublime,
  That bends with the ocean of years.

How the waters are drifting like flakes of snow,
  And the summers like buds between,
And the year is the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
  As it glides through the shadow and sheen.

There's a musical isle on the river of Time,
  Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and tropical clime,
And a song as sweet as vesper chime,
  When the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this isle is the Long Ago,
  And we bury our treasures there;
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
There are heaps of dust, but we love them so!
  There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
  And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
  And the garment that SHE used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
  By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in days gone before,
  When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh! remembered for aye be that blessed isle,
  All the days of our life till night—
When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed to slumber a while,
  May our "greenwood" of soul be in sight.

SUBMARINE DIVERS.

VARIOUS styles of apparatus have been used to enable divers to remain for a long time under water. The principal means employed for this purpose have been the diving-bell and the diving-armor. It is estimated that the natural constitution of man unfits him for remaining under water with safety for more than two minutes at a time. By long practice it is said that the Indian pearl-divers of Ceylon are able to remain under water for six minutes. The artificial expedients contrived to render a longer stay under water practicable consist of the diving-bell; of a partial covering for the body, made water-tight, with a metallic helmet protecting the head; or of water-tight metallic vessels inclosing the whole body, and furnished with flexible arms, and eye-plates of strong glass. At least 200 cubic inches of air per minute are required in order to sustain life. The diving-bell was used in Europe as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the use of this bell has been in a great degree superseded by the submarine armor, which allows the operator to remain longer under the surface, as he is supplied with fresh air by means of a force-pump. This armor was invented in 1830, and has been since then greatly improved. In the recovery of treasure, and in the execution of important works, it has been found of the greatest use. The best armors now in use are those made of rubber and canvas, the rubber being placed between two thicknesses of canvas. The covering for the head is metallic. The divers are supplied with air by means of a powerful three-cylinder air-pump.

Our illustration represents eight submarine divers recently employed under E. P. HARRINGTON, Submarine Engineer (from whom we receive the photographic representation from which our engraving is made), engaged in laying the foundation of the Kansas City Bridge over the Missouri River. A strong wooden caisson, 70 feet long by 22½ feet wide, was constructed, and in this a masonry pier was built. The sand beneath the caisson was removed by dredges, and the courses of masonry were laid as the caisson sank. This process was carried on successfully until the caisson was lowered to within four feet of the bed-rock, when a close layer of boulders was encountered. The services of the submarine divers were required to remove these one by one, they working for a whole month, night and day, at a depth of about fifty feet below the surface of the water with 3000 tons of masonry above them.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WAS there ever a May-day in New York when some of the valuables in the process of moving did not receive a sprinkling of rain? Perhaps; but our memory fails to recall it. If there is no rain on that coming day, so charming in name, so dreadful in reality, there is certain to be dust in abundance, and all manner of disagreeable and uncomfortable things in the streets. And for a fortnight to come, as for a fortnight past, all kinds of rubbish will clog the thoroughfares. Then—may we hope for a cleansing time?

Moving day is a test of temper and character; an ordeal through which few can pass with credit to themselves—at least they *do* not. Every body feels like saying, in the words of the poet, but without his jollity:

"First of May,
Clear the way!
Baskets, barrows, trundles;
Take good care,
Mind the ware!
Betty, where the bundles?"

A word in your ear, gentle reader. If you are among the host of movers, you must expect to lose some of your goods and chattels in the confusion; but—*don't lose your temper.*

Freshets have been prevailing in all parts of the country. The Hudson River has risen higher than at any season for twelve years. The waters of the Connecticut, Merrimac, Mohawk, Black, and St. Lawrence rivers have swollen into floods; railroad travel has been suspended on some routes; families have been driven from their dwellings by the inundation, and great damage has resulted. A singular incident occurred near Troy. The store-house of the Glenn's Falls Lime Company at Green Island, containing about 1500 barrels of lime, was set on fire by the water slaking the lime, and the building was wholly destroyed.

The fine group of statuary recently presented to the Central Park by several of our citizens has been located near the marble arch on the Mall. The group is of bronze, and represents an Indian, accompanied by his dog, stealthily approaching the game supposed to be in view. The loins of the Indian are girt by the skin of some wild animal. His left hand grasps his bow and arrow; his right rests on the head of his dog, whose ardor he thus restrains.

What ingenious creatures Frenchmen are! A French chemist, Monsieur Sacquet by name, has just invented *a salt of iron*, which may be mixed in the substance of the various pastes and preparations that are put up for *soup!* It makes these preparations keep longer, and imparts no disagreeable taste.

"Hannah Tyler" seems not to be popular. She (or he), sheltered under an assumed name, and attempting to injure the general reputation of the employées of the Government, finds that chivalry is not extinct, but that scores of vindicators arise to plead the cause of women who are unjustly slandered.

A novel style of head-dress—and the very latest too!—is a garland of tulips worn upon the head, so arranged that the heat of the room causes the tulips gradually to unfold, displaying diamonds, rubies, and other precious stones. The expense is trifling!!

A few days ago a novel scene occurred at Washington. While the Board of Registry was in session, and a long column of voters were in line pressing forward to have their names placed upon the list, a bevy of seven women appeared on the ground escorted, or perhaps more properly, accompanied by two gentlemen. They presented a paper, in which they declared their belief that they were entitled to the right of suffrage, and requested that their names be placed on the list of qualified voters. Two of the applicants were colored. The Board received the paper, and promised to give it due consideration.

"Grace Greenwood," having been mated by newspaper gossip with a certain "Dr. Lippincott," writes a spicy note to the Washington *Star*, telling who are *not* her husbands. She thinks she has some reason to complain of editors for assigning to her "so many amiable consorts." The same disclaimer which she says she puts forth for the benefit of "Dr. Lippincott," she declares must also apply to Mr. J. B. Lippincott, the great publisher, and to General Lippincott, the door-keeper of the Senate.

"They are 'all honorable men,' doubtless," she remarks, in conclusion, "but they are not my husbands; and I hereby warn all persons against trusting me on their account."

A lady living in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, has for the past few years suffered much from a nervous affection. She has used tea freely; and her husband—a scientific gentleman—recently analyzed her beverage, and found that the coloring material was gypsum and Prussian blue, and that the amount in a pound of tea administered at once would produce instant death.

Ghosts are making a sensation in the court-room. The real point at issue seems to be whether spirits can have their photographs taken or not? A certain photographer has been charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. His mode of doing business is to take the portrait of any person desiring it, and also to give on the same card the shadowy picture of some deceased friend. These spirit likenesses are said to be obtained by some spiritual force. The matter seems to be as mysterious as the Rochester rappings—and probably has a similar origin.

Report says that the latest Paris fashion in regard to hair is to evenly divide the entire head of hair between any two colors! A pearly white on one side and an ebony black on the other, or a fiery red and a brilliant green, makes a charming contrast!

The great depth of the snow in Vermont gave rise to the fear that the sugar crop would prove a failure this year; but the sunny weather made the sap flow freely for some weeks, and the supply has been larger than usual. The maple sugar produced every year is a source of considerable income to the State, as well as a pleasure and luxury to residents, both old and young.

Senators are said to be very polite to every body at the commencement of their term, but as crusty as possible when near the close of it, and they are not to be returned. The following instance is reported as authentic: A lady who wanted something of a certain Senator sent for him one day shortly before his term expired. He came out looking so cross that she stammered out, "I fear you are very busy." "I am," was the reply. "I fear I have intruded." "You have," glaring at her with ill-concealed impatience. "Might I ask if—if—" Then followed the request, a trifling one, bound up with "if you please." To which he replied, "No, Madam, I do not please at all; good-morning!" and went away. The lady burst into tears.

Children look at things in a fresh, simple way that is amusing and often charming. The matter of "not playing on Sunday" is a great puzzle to them oftentimes. A story is told of a little Southern boy whose mother one Sunday bade him put away his toys. "Why can't I play Sundays, ma?" said he, in a grieving tone. "Because it's God's day, and God will not love little boys that play on Sunday." "Well, ma," returned the boy, "I'll bet God played on Sunday when he was little!"

Another mother said to her son: "Stevy, don't your conscience tell you it is wrong to play with your top on Sunday?" "No, ma'am," answered Stevy. "Very well," said his mother; "if your conscience don't tell you it is wrong, go on." Stevy put down his top, and sat some moments patiently waiting. After a while he took it up again, and said, "Well, I guess I might as well go on with my play, don't hear my conscience say any thing."

The great musical event of the season is the production of Rossini's *Petite Messe Solennelle.* When the illustrious composer began to write this mass he was over seventy-two years old. It was first privately rehearsed March, 1864, in Paris, and was received with unbounded delight by the few privileged and critical auditors. The first public performance of the mass, as all know, took place at the Théâtre Impérial Italien, Paris, Sunday, February 28, 1869, the seventy-eighth anniversary of its author's birth. It was under the direction of M. Bagier; and Mlle. Krauss, Madame Alboni, Signor Nicolini, and Signor Agnesi were the solo singers. Mr. Strakosch, who was for a long time an intimate friend of Rossini, paid Madame Rossini one hundred thousand francs for this great work, and from him Mr. Ulmann purchased the right for Italy for fifty thousand francs. In England the Sacred Harmonic Society first presents it. Mr. Max Strakosch procured the right for America from his brother. Maurice, and before this paragraph meets the reader's eye, the mass will have been produced at the Academy of Music in this city. Miss Kellogg takes the soprano part, Madame Testa the contralto, Boetti the tenor, and Antonucci the bass. This mass, Rossini's musical legacy to the world, is said to be worthy of the master. No praise can be greater.

Parisian publishers offer some novel inducements to the public to subscribe to their journals. Last year the *Figaro* gave to its readers a ball and a supper at one of the largest theatres in Paris. A child's paper, *L'Educateur des Enfants*, proposes to give each young reader an accordeon, with directions for playing upon it, but those who disdain such childish toys may take a kerosene lamp instead. The *Paris* offers this year a performance at the Opera, four subscribers being entitled to a box. *Le National* bestows upon its subscribers a box containing a hundred packets of twelve different kinds of soup powder from a well-known manufacturer, twelve sonnets, and a guide to etiquette.

The twelve hundred operatives at the Lyman Mills, Holyoke, Massachusetts, are to take their choice—either to be vaccinated or to be discharged.

Street obstructions have been a common subject for complaint for many months—and with reason. The serious, practical question is, What can people do when the sidewalk on the right hand and on the left of their dwelling is absolutely impassable? The answer seems obvious—Walk in the road. But when the street happens to be undergoing the process of repaving—a work of time under present arrangements—and sidewalks are also blockaded with building materials, what then? Some aerial conveyance is positively needed; for there are several localities in this most uncomfortable condition. One is never sure on coming home at night whether he can reach his own domicile at all, except he wade through pools of mortar, and climb over fences of boards and bricks. These things ought not so to be.

Salt Lake City has a dry, bracing climate, equally free from extremes of heat and cold, and should be one of the healthiest cities in the world. Such, however, does not seem to be the case, though the habits of the people, rather than the climate, is the cause. By actual statistics it is shown that the mortality among children is greater in Salt Lake City than any other in America, except New Orleans. Polygamists do not and can not properly attend to their children, and there is a general neglect of medical care. One Morman bishop in Salt Lake City has seventeen children buried in a row, and the longest grave is not over four feet! Last year was an unusually healthy one, yet the death-rate in Utah exceeded that of any other State or Territory west of the Mississippi.

The Abbé Deguerry, preaching to fashionable Paris against the fashions, during Lent, exclaimed: "Oh, my sisters, what can be the meaning of the slight covering you wear on your shoulders? What can, every evening, be the motive of the absence of sleeves to your dresses? With these eyes have I beheld ladies of the most irreproachable character spending their whole evening in catching at their shoulder-straps lest their dresses should fall off entirely; and this is not from any feeling of propriety, but from the dread of inconvenience."

A somewhat novel Sunday evening entertainment was recently given at the National Theatre in Washington. It consisted of readings by James E. Murdoch of "Scriptural and Sacred Literature," commencing with Addison's hymn, "When all Thy mercies, oh, my God!" and concluding with a reading of the Lord's Prayer. Various Bible stories were read in connection with poems upon the same subjects. A large audience seemed highly pleased with the whole programme.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"I WISH, Sally," said Jonathan, "that you were locked in my arms, and the key was lost."

THE FOOT GUARDS—Boots and shoes!

A poor man once came to a miser, and said, "I have a favor to ask."
"So have I," said the miser; "grant me the first."
"Agreed."
"My request is," said the miser, "that you ask me for nothing."

AN INDUCEMENT.—A person who advertises in a morning paper for a clerk holds out this inducement: "A small salary will be given, but he will have enough of *overwork* to make up the deficiency."

"A FIELD OF LABOR"—A brick-field.

A MILITARY DOG.—Recently in Paris, on the day when hunting began, a corporal of the Grenadiers of the Guard, accompanied by a dog, asked for a ticket for the animal at the dépôt of the rail-baggage bureau.
"How much for this dog to Meline?"
"Twenty cents."
"What! twenty cents? and I, as a soldier, only pay four cents? Observe that this is a military dog—why, it's the dog of the colonel."
"Dare say," replied the railroad man; "but he isn't in uniform."

Little Jimmy is not so well posted in spiritual matters as he might be. The other day, during a discussion as to what constituted a Christian, Jimmy was a very earnest listener, and at last the remark was made that his father was a Christian. It came to him like a severe charge against his paternal; and, assuming a grave air, he said: "No, my papa isn't a Christian; he's a member of the Methodist Church."

DOMESTIC SCENE.

"Pretty time of night, Mr. M——, for you to come home—pretty time, three o'clock in the morning; you, a respectable man in the community, and the father of a family."
"'Tisn't three—it's only one; I heard it strike. Council always sits till one o'clock."
"My soul! Mr. M——, you're drunk—as true as I'm alive; you're drunk. It's three in the morning."
"I say, Mrs. M——, it's one. I heard it strike one as I came around the corner, *two or three times.*"
His spouse could say no more; so she retired.

A CURIOSITY.—A governess, advertising for a situation, says "she is a perfect mistress of her own *tongue!*"

"OPERATIVE SPINNERS"—Spiders.

HE CAME TOO LATE.

He came too late! the toast had dried
  Before the fire too long;
The cakes were scorched upon the side
  And every thing was wrong!
She scorned to wait all night for one
  Who lingered on his way,
And so she took her tea alone,
  And cleared the things away!

He came too late! at once he felt
  The supper hour was o'er;
Indifference in her calm smile dwelt,
  She closed the pantry-door;
The table-cloth had passed away—
  No dishes could he see;
She met him, and her words were gay—
  She never spoke of tea!

He came too late! the subtle chords
  Of patience were unbound;
Not by offense of spoken words,
  But by the slights that wound.
She knew he would say nothing now
  That could the past repay;
She bade him go and milk the cow
  And coldly turned away!

He came too late! the fragrant steam
  Of tea had long since flown;
The flies had fallen in the cream—
  The bread was cold as stone;
And when, with word and smile, he tried
  His hungry state to prove,
She nerved her heart with woman's pride,
  And never deigned to move!

"LENT SERVICES"—Borrowed sermons.

A STRANGE WANT.

This is a strange want, clipped from an English journal:

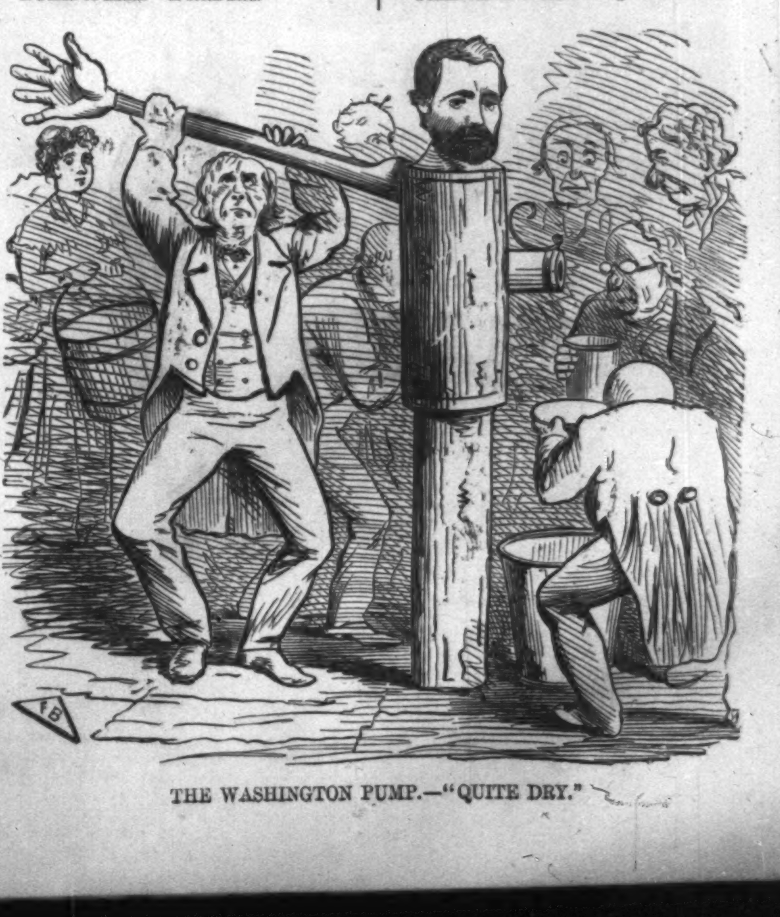
WANTED—A Paper Machine Man, used to elephants, must be a steady and good workman.—Address, stating wages, age, etc.

A man who is a machine, and who is also to be paper, is a sufficient wonder. But he is to be "used to elephants" too! Would an acquaintance with rhinoceroses, or a familiarity with hippopotami do as well? Because if so, we know hundreds of people who *won't* do.

A CONUNDRUM.

A young man seated at dinner, the other day, said to his wife:
"Ellen, if you are good at guessing, here is a conundrum for you: If the devil should lose his tail where would he go to get another one?"
After some time spent in guessing, she gave it up.
"Well," said he, "where they re-tail spirits."
Eager to get it off, she hastened to a lady friend with:
"Oh, Marian, I have such a nice conundrum! Joe just told me of it. I know you can't guess it. If the devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?"
Her friend Marian having given it up she said:
"Where they sell liquor by the glass."
Marian didn't see the point of the joke.

"PRESENTED AT COURT"—Being sued for debt.



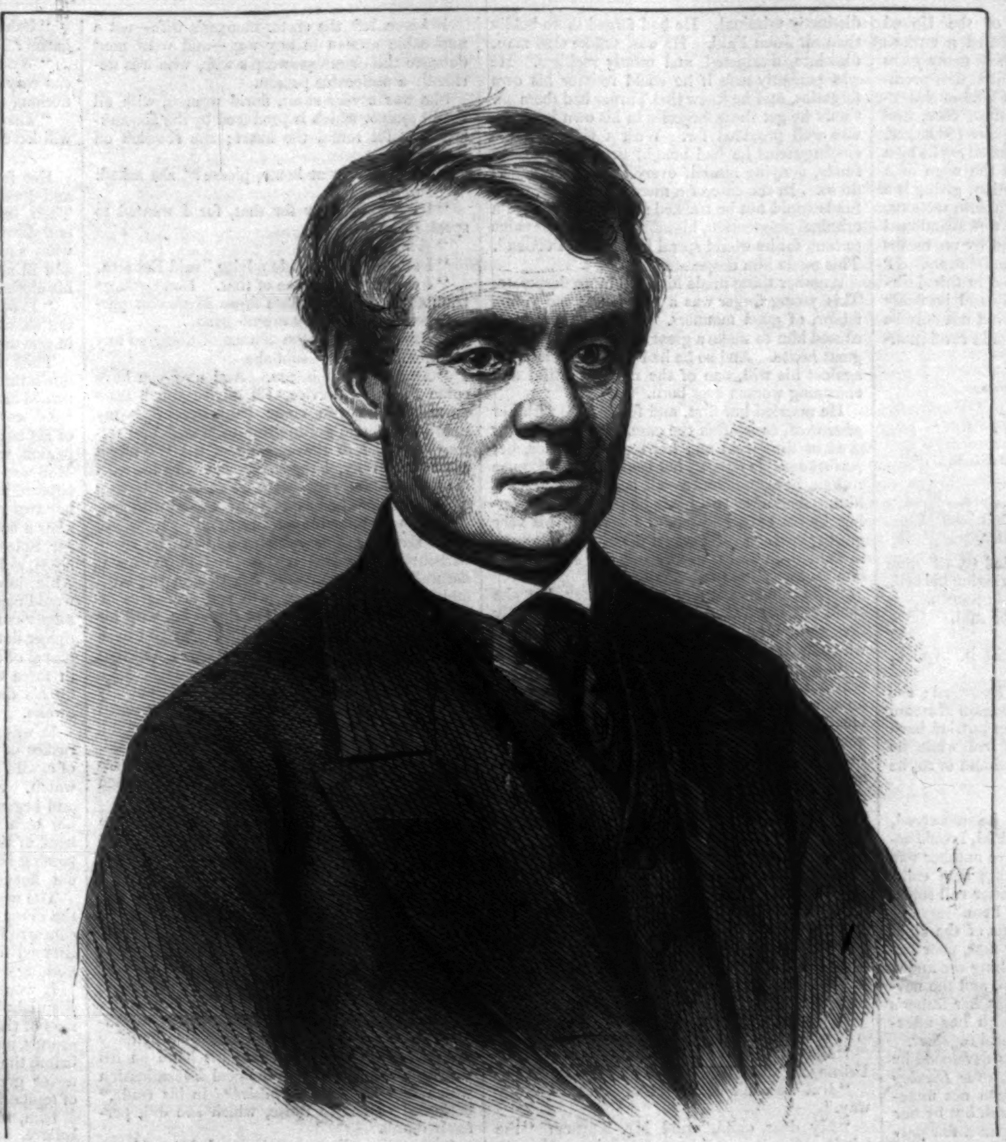
THE WASHINGTON PUMP.—"QUITE DRY."

THE MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN.

The Hon. Andrew G. Curtin, who has been appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate as Minister to Russia, was born at Bellefonte, Pennsylvania, April 2, 1817. His father was a rich iron manufacturer in Centre County. Mr. Curtin was educated at an academy at Milton, a small village on the Susquehanna River, and read law in the office of Judge Reed of Carlisle. He was admitted to the bar in 1839, and entered upon the practice of his profession in his native village. From this time he engaged actively in political life, supporting the Whig party. He was elected Governor of Pennsylvania in 1860, and was re-elected in 1863. During the war he exerted a very powerful influence in behalf of the Union, and was one of the leading spirits among the loyal Governors of the Northern States. Among the soldiers he was always popular on account of his constant zeal in their behalf. He was pressed at the Chicago Convention in May, 1868, for the Vice-Presidency on the ticket with General Grant; but the current being in favor of Mr. Colfax, he caused his name to be withdrawn. He took an active interest in the ensuing campaign, speaking in New York, New Hampshire, Connecticut, and other States.

Our portrait, published on this page, is from a photograph taken a few days since, and is the best representation of the Governor which has yet appeared.



HON. ANDREW G. CURTIN, MINISTER TO RUSSIA.—[Photographed by Gutekunst, Philadelphia.]

JACQUES OFFENBACH.

All of our readers who have enjoyed *opera bouffe* in New York, or who have looked upon the inventor of that institution as a sort of Orpheus—not leading his Eurydice from the under-world, but, on the contrary, leading the whole world devilward—will be glad to see the face of Offenbach, which we offer them on page 292.

Jacques Offenbach, the distinguished French musical composer, was born about 1822. He succeeded Barbereau as chef d'orchestre at the Théâtre Français in 1847. At this epoch he was known as a composer of light and gay music, which had a run in the *salons*: the most popular of these inspirations were *la Cigale et la Fourmi; le Corbeau; le Savetier; le Rat; la Laitière*, etc. He was distinguished also as a violoncellist. In 1855 he obtained the privilege of the new theatre of Bouffes-Parisiens, in the Champs Elysées. His later productions, however, have been those which have made his influence the most universal. *La Belle Hélène, Genevieve de Brabant*, and *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein*, transferred from Paris to New York, have created a great *furore*.

These productions have been brought out in this country under the best auspices. Both the acting and the music have been excellent. There is much in the accessories of the *opera bouffe* that has (and perhaps justly) given offense; the *ballet* is not over-delicate, and even the expurgated editions of the librettos are not by any means free from grossness. But music in itself is always pure; and we wonder that no attempt has been made to weed out the indelicacies of the French *opera bouffe*, retaining the lightness and gayety of the music, and the exquisite dramatic features of the accompanying plays.

CUTTING CORKS.

While nearly every branch of industry has had assistance of some kind, through the invention of labor-saving machinery, the manufacture of corks, which gives employment to a large number of human beings, remains about stationary. A cork is a small thing at best; but the millions demanded in all countries require a prodigious army of hands to supply the market.

Corks are ordinarily fashioned by a very sharp broad knife, which the cutter uses so adroitly that cutting a cork of any size is the work of a moment. But the

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON DURING A NIGHT SESSION OF CONGRESS.—[Sketched by Theo. R. Davis.]

late Commodore Le Barron, of the United States Navy, invented and patented a curious machine for expediting the business many years ago, which, though ingenious and at first promising, did not succeed. It was a kind of embryotic lathe, in which a strip of sheet cork, first cut into pieces about one inch square (or larger, according to the size of the intended cork) by a foot in length, revolved against the edge of a sharp knife, with a screwing motion, giving it a tapering shape, afterward to be cut into sections, giving variously sized corks. It was abandoned as being uncertain in action, and by no means able to compete with ordinary hand-cutters. If any one should happen to succeed in this desirable effort to accomplish quickly and perfectly cork-cutting by machinery, it would not only be exceedingly remunerative, but would revolutionize the business entirely.

HETTY.

BY HENRY KINGSLEY.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE WALPURGIS NIGHT.

Mr. Turner slept, or pretended to, till nine o'clock; then he began furiously ringing his bell. Rebecca came to him in her dressing-gown.

"Is the *Times* come, child?" he said.

"How could it be come, pa?"

"Go Eastward, child, and meet it. Quick, go!"

She dressed herself and went Eastward; she had got nearly to the South Kensington Museum before she got the *Times*, and she hurried back with it. Her father sat up in bed while he opened it. After glancing at a column or so, he said, "What a thundering lie!"

"What, pa?"

"Philpott & Co., Limited," he answered, "bankrupt for £800,000. Why, child, I could account for £1,200,000. I will have another nap after that. If any genteel looking man calls, tell him—well, tell him he had better call somewhere else. We know too much here."

What between Turner's wildness of the night before, and his shrewd jocularity now, poor Rebecca was utterly puzzled. One thing she knew, and that was that Morley, Hartop, and the never-seen Hetty were all at sea, that her father's mind was going, and that she with her affectionate heart were alone in the world together.

One can see how our nation has developed by turning over old novels; for one, over *Dombey and Son*, written by Dickens, a man not unacquainted with the ways of this world, but by our new lights rather behind his time, in a few particulars.

For instance, Mr. Dombey goes bankrupt for the mean sum of one hundred thousand pounds. That was all very well in 1848, but we have improved on that since. Mr. Perch, the messenger, congratulated himself on the fact that Dombey had gone for "one hundred—thousand—pound." That is but a small smash now. Great, and heretofore trusted names in trade, seem to be vying with the worst of the old aristocratic scoundrels, and beating them hollow. The frightful recklessness of the habitual gambler, Lord Mornington (about £700,000, leaving no one unpaid in the end), or that of the unhappy boy just dead (some £200,000), is fairly beaten out of calculation by the deficiencies of some of the clearest and best heads in the world of business. How these men can keep sane under such a nightmare of hopeless debt is the wonder to some. See if this little case of the Philpotts is overstated in any way. Do we not all know of an honored (justly honored) member of the House, now dead and beyond trouble, who sat later than any one at the House; sat through the most wearisome of business, *sooner than go home?* There was a leaden weight of £300,000 on that man's soul. That hopeless deficiency of capital, which well used would have saved Bethnal Green, or the Isle of Dogs, from their present state, hanging on his mind, hanging round his neck. It was no error of his, but of younger branches of his family. He was one of the purest, best, and noblest of men, but condemned to silence for the love which he bore to his family.

Such an old age is not good to think about. Better to study William Blake, when he is most wildly melancholy, and most unutterably sad. Still in Blake's deepest sadness there is always tenderness and hope. And so we should think of this poor member, who had never one selfish thought in his heart. Turn to Blake's great master-piece, *Death's Door** (which I have known since I was six years old, and which never palls on one), when you think of an old man, dishonored through no fault of his, creeping to his tomb, as Sir Gorham Philpott was to his.

The younger members of a dishonored family will, however, sometimes make a fight to save what can not be saved, more particularly where there has been criminality. Young Philpott was

* Notes are very unpopular, but one seems necessary here. The piece I mean is to be found at p. 224 of Gilchrist's *Life of Blake*, but has been copied many times. A bent old man, doubled up with age, is hobbling on crutches into a vault. He is not well clad, and the winds of the world are blowing on him from behind, and helping him toward the dark doorway—a half-open iron door set in Cyclopic stone-work. The attitude and gait of the old man are, as far as my experience goes, not only unapproached but unapproachable. Many Frenchmen—and a few Englishmen—can paint action in double-quick time. Blake here has expressed action, not in double-quick time, or even in quick time, but in *slow* time. I have no space to descant on the marvelous sentimental beauties of this wonderful piece, worthy to rank with Michael Angelo's Lorenzo de Medici. Below the feet of the old man, dimly seen in the darkness, are the barred windows of the charnel-house, to which we must all come. But above and aloft, in blazing sunlight, is the newly-awakened figure of a young man rising naked and wondering into the wonders of the new life.

distinctly criminal. He had forged more boldly than Sir John Paul. He was, unlike that man, dissolute, dissipated, and utterly reckless. He was perfectly safe if he could recover his own forgeries, and he knew that Turner had them all. Could he get those forgeries in his own hand, he was well provided for. With a view to these contingencies he had bought heavily in foreign funds, denying himself every kind of luxury to do so. In the case of a mere bankruptcy, these funds could not be tracked; but in the case of a criminal prosecution, his money was of little value to him, for he would spend his time at Portland. This made him desperate.

Another thing made him still more desperate. This young forger was a very handsome young fellow, of good manners. And his family had caused him to make a great alliance with another great house. And so he had married, somewhat against his will, one of the most beautiful and charming women ever born.

He married her first, and fell in love with her afterward, as is often the case. His love for her grew as time went on; her exquisite grace, her perfect equable temper, her beauty, her deference to him, her intelligence—all had their effect on him. And after two years he awoke one morning, by her side, and saw the whole of his very ghastly position. He was a felon, who might be in Cold-Bath Fields to-morrow, and she thought him an honest and respectable man.

"She would stand the bankruptcy, but she could not stand *that*," was what he said. "By the Lord, I have a good mind to tell her the whole business and get it over."

So it happened one morning that Mrs. Philpott, turning over in her bed, found her husband kneeling at the bedside with the sheets bathed in blood. "I have hurt my head," he said. "I got out of bed incautiously and have broken my head over the dressing-table." She was piteous and tender over his accident; little thinking that the young man in his mad despair had rushed against the wall. Enough of such things; the man was desperate.

His desperation little matters to us save that he brought it to Turner's house, and so involved our Rebecca and her dog Mab. In a little story about homely facts like these, one has not room for one's rascals. Neither has one the genius of Shakspeare to develop one's rascal (Falstaff) until loving gets to be right, and one loves him.

Rebecca said to her father, "Pa, haven't you made a great mess of it?"

"Very great indeed, my dear."

"Why don't you tell the whole truth, pa?"

"Because I should be in Cold-Bath Fields Prison, my dear."

"But we can't come out of it, dear pa, any way."

"My dear child," said Mr. Turner; "the whole thing is a stalemate at chess. No one dare move for his life. I have seen worse muddled matters than this got through." And indeed he gave her proof.

"Why, even in Paul's case," he said, "if it had not been for a high-minded and indignant parson the whole thing would have dropped through. I tell you, child, that you don't know business. Nobody is safe except a magistrate's butler. I am very, very tired again, Rebecca. I am going to die."

"Pa, you had better go to bed again if you talk such nonsense as that."

"I am going, my dear. I shall sleep through the day, and wake at night. They will try the house to-night. Be ready for them."

"How shall I be ready for them, father?"

"Bless the girl, I don't know. Ducetoy's deeds are in the iron safe. Philpotts' papers are in the box under my bed. Do the best you can, child; I am horribly drowsy—deadly drowsy. They will try the house to-night, and if the house gets into the possession of the police, I can't say what will happen. Go and see to matters, I am going to sleep."

Rebecca, seeing that there was nothing more to be got out of her father, did probably the quaintest and most indiscreet thing which she ever did in all her life. Matters were very desperate with her. Anticipated disaster had been familiar with her for some time. But here was disaster itself. Disaster of the very worst kind. She knew perfectly well that in the opinion of experienced lawyers about the great bankruptcy of the Philpotts, her father must sooner or later, through his folly, be involved. How deep she knew not. Her father, with the highest motives possible, had broken the law. She went for advice and assistance to people whom she dreamed had had some experience that way themselves.

It was twelve o'clock, high noon, when she put her hat on and stepped across the lane to Mrs. Akin.

Mrs. Akin was in a deluge of soap-suds. She took in washing. Rebecca said to her, "Mrs. Akin, is your husband at home?"

"Dear Miss," she said, "no. He is out with his barrer. There is some husbands, Miss, which you will find yourself, when you are married, and a nicer gentleman I never see, I am sure, who objects to any washing at home at all, but wants it all put out, and I am sure I hope for your favors, Miss. Some will stand one washing-day in the week, and some won't. But my dear man, he has a washing-day every week, and never grumbles. He may come round home to dinner, Miss; but I ask you to look at his little home, full of damp linen; you are a-sneezing yourself. If he comes home, shall I make him step across?"

"If he would be so good," said Rebecca.

"He would step further than that for you, Miss," she said; "there is a little one in heaven pleading for you with us, Miss. The old fellow shall come across."*

* To meet any charge of want of verisimilitude from any one not acquainted with the laboring classes as well as myself, I have reproduced actual dialogue. One has no reply to criticism: which is a pity. A man who cares for the opinions of the most able of the weekly press, writes in fetters—as I do. I suppose I should do otherwise; but abuse gets a wearisome thing after a time.

Rebecca left the coster-monger's wife—not a noticeable woman in any way—and went next door, to the chimney-sweep's wife, who was decidedly a noticeable person.

She was a very stout, florid woman, with all the ill temper which is produced by the accumulation of fat round the heart; she scowled on Rebecca.

"Is Mr. Spicer at home, please?" she asked.

"No, he ain't."

"I am very sorry for that, for I wanted to speak to him."

"What about?"

"I only wanted a little advice," said Rebecca.

"I can give you some of that. Don't you go trampolineing about with those Methodist parsons too much. *They* are no good."

"I shall not have the chance of doing so any more, Mrs. Spicer," said she.

"And a good job, too. And now you have come to us for advice, I'll advise you a little more. Don't you come here unsettling my man's mind, and getting him to chapel, and setting his mind to the keeping of the law about the boys. Why, I suppose your advice has cost me a cool £20 a year. He won't send a boy up a flue now since he has taken to consort with *you*. And, if you knew any thing at all, you would know there was flues which could not be swep' without boys. And our connection resents it naturally. My man says, 'It is agin the law,' and they make answer, 'Do you accuse us of abetting an' breaking the law?' and he, with his spirit, makes answer, 'I do.' 'Then you need not call again, Mr. Spicer,' they says; and that is *your* doing."

"You are very impertinent and entirely wrong," said Rebecca; "if I have prevented Mr. Spicer, my very good friend, from sending boys up these horrible chimneys, I am very glad. I would have any one transported who sent those children up the chimneys. I want to know when Mr. Spicer will be at home."

"Then you just sha'n't. I don't want him near yours. There's worse gone on in that house than sending boys up flues. Better send a boy up a flue than chuck a woman down stairs. You sha'n't see him—you sha'n't see him. Lawk, old man, is that you?"

It was indeed that worthy chimney-sweep, who had been awakened by his wife's voice, and had heard the whole of the argument while he was dressing. And a very fine, grave-looking man Mr. Spicer was, too; ugly, but rather grand, owing none of his good looks to his complexion, which was rendered very pale by daily applications of soot. He laid his hand on his wife's shoulder, and with the cool determination which seems almost a *spécialité* in his trade,* beckoned to her to retire, which she did, perfectly dumb.

"We will walk across the road, Miss, if you please," said Mr. Spicer, and he led the way. As soon as they were clear of the house he said, "The best woman in the world, Miss, if you only knew it."

"So I should fancy," said Rebecca; "she don't like me; but there are many others who don't. In fact, I don't at all like myself."

"Indeed, Miss!" said Mr. Spicer.

"No," said Rebecca; "I don't like myself at all. I don't *hate* myself, Mr. Spicer; I only dislike and despise myself. For you know, Mr. Spicer, I am a most contemptible fool."

"Indeed, Miss. Now, I should not have thought that, unless you had told me. But it is no doubt true. You are better educated than I am."

"You are not a gentleman, Mr. Spicer," said Rebecca, laughing in spite of herself.

"No, Miss; but in what particular?"

"When any one accuses themselves to a *gentleman*, Mr. Spicer, the gentleman excuses them. Now, you have confirmed my view of myself, doubtless from politeness; but still, you are no gentleman. You should have told me that I was one mass of wisdom; as it is, you have merely confirmed my opinion, somewhat emphatically, that I am a contemptible fool."

"I only meant to mind my manners, Miss; and my manners tell me that you should never contradict a lady. That is what Mr. Hagbut calls the unwritten law. That is about the size of *that*."

"Well," said Rebecca, "we must not joke any more, Spicer; I am in serious trouble."

"We know all about it, my dear Miss," said Spicer; "the only question is, When and where?"

"The *when* is to-night, I am afraid; and the *where* will be inside the house."

"Then there is no reason for much talk, Miss. The least said the soonest mended. Bob and I will come in and lay down any where."

"But I want to explain to you," went on Rebecca.

"Just exactly what we don't want, Miss. We want to know nothing. Did you ever hear a man cross-examined?"

"No."

"Ah! If the grand jury would take the trouble to follow some of their 'true bills' down stairs, instead of going off to play billiards, they wouldn't send so much down stairs as they do. I don't want no cross-examination, unless I can say No. Tell me and Bob what you want done, but nothing more."

* Chimney-sweeps are but little known or understood. Very few people know that that splendid young man Sadler, who raced Kelly himself so hard the other day, was a chimney-sweep. I was trying once to make peace between a working bricklayer (Harris) and a working cooper (Letwell). Old Harris struck out in pride of family; Letwell's sister (I think) had *married a sweep*. Old Harris afterward got two months for a violent breach of the revenue laws, about which I had warned him; so I suppose there was no further question about family precedence.

"Can Mr. Akin and you sleep together in one garret? And can you know nothing at all?"

"We can sleep together well enough, and we can easy manage holding our tongues, if there is nothing told us to talk about."

"Then come about ten o'clock, please, and I will have every thing arranged for you."

Her father slept all day, but at night got up and dressed himself, and took dinner and wine. Then, setting all the doors open, he walked up and down the house. At the last she told him what she had done; and he, having got feeble and ill again, was persuaded to go to bed, with his clothes and his pistol all ready.

"I shall not sleep a wink," he said; and saying so, laid his weary head over, and was asleep in one moment.

Then Rebecca began *her* tiger walk up and down the house, until Mr. Akin and Mr. Spicer turned in. Mr. Akin, a scientific and experienced hand, got Mab, and put her to sleep in the small of his back; which, as he explained to his companion, was the wakefulest place of all for a dog. Mab was well enough content, and scarcely recognized her mistress during her frequent visits to her two sleeping friends. For they soon slept, after a consultation about taking off their boots. Mr. Spicer could never, he said, sleep well in his boots, unless he was three-quarters on. But Mr. Akin, having pointed out to him that this job would come to rough-and-tumble in any way, or might come to Chevy-high-ho the grinder, Mr. Spicer determined to sleep without even the removal of his boots; which determination he put in force with the rapidity of a man who has to do his day's work long before other people are awake.

It was a wild night, dripping wet, with great rushes of wind from the westward—the middle of a wild spring—when Rebecca began her night watch. She set dim candles in different rooms, and began her walk up and down; going from her own room along the main passage at the head of the stairs toward her father's door, and passing that to the room where her two indifferent, honest friends slept and snored.

The wind hurled at every window and door in the crazy old house; and, with an ear tuned to concert-pitch by anxiety and nervousness, she listened for something more than the wind, but nothing came.

It would have been less dreary, perhaps, had the night been silent and still. But the dreariness of that house to one listening for suspicious sounds, and hearing a hundred, was terrible, even before the lane was still and asleep. After that, terror grew into horror, and horror into a kind of temporary loss of judgment.

Dim, inexpressible, causeless terrors come, I believe, on the most prosperous of us when we wake in the night in the dark. I know a military officer of good repute, excellent courage, respectable fortune, and without one solitary anxiety in this world, who takes his recreation in these sad, solitary hours, by thinking of *death*. By putting to himself that he must die some time or another, and trying to make out what the last, horrible hour will be like. Rebecca's fantasies, this night, were scarcely more reasonable than his.

There was very little cause for fear of any kind: there was nothing of what some call sensational about her position. She was splendidly protected. Her father had done a very quaint thing, but she had practically checkmated all consequences. Still, she was in a state of nervous anxiety; and that anxiety became precordial, and made her start with inexplicable terrors at every sound, and in passing every dark place. The physical effect of this nervousness was to make her knees tremble, and so cause her to walk unsteadily. The mental effects of it were still stranger.

For her anxiety began to take a single point as its culminating one. I do not think that this is by any means a rare case. A man confused in ruin, brought on by an accumulation of causes, will say that he always knew that the beginning of it was some twenty-pound speculation. A man, dazed, stunned, and ruined by his wife's death, will attribute it to her swallowing a pin ten years before, after his neighbors had been hearing her bark her heart out all the winter with tubercular disease of the lungs. Not well chosen as examples, possibly, but which will do. When people's minds are confused they will pick out a cause for a particular form of anxiety, seldom the right one. Rebecca did on this occasion. The door behind Carry's bed—disused, and locked and bolted for so many years—was the point she fixed on as the most horrible and dangerous point in the house.

It communicated, as the reader may remember, between the used portion of the house and the unused. Since her mother's death, that back staircase and all the adjacent part of the house had been closed up, and had been a mystery and a horror to them. In very early days, as early as Rebecca could remember, Carry used to have a habit of shrieking out suddenly in the night that some one was trying the door; after which she would fly, in her night-gown, and leave Rebecca in the terror of death. And now, on this, to her, as she believed, supreme night, Rebecca, with a solitary candle feebly lighting up the great room, stood before that door, and thought of what lay behind it.

What *was* there, locked up for twenty years, behind Carry's bed? The skin of her head had a cold, nervous creeping in it (which is what the romantic people mean when they say that So-and-so's hair stood on end). She had a horror on her which was indescribable, as awful as the horror which occasionally precedes death; it had a somewhat singular effect on her, for she moved Carry's bed out of the way, and looked at the door; and as she did so she saw that the handle was softly turned, and some one pressed on the door from the outside.

One bolt and the lock was all that opposed her. She had got into a state of horror by solitude and mystery. One simple physical movement, even of a door-handle, restored her to herself in an instant. "We will get this through, my gentleman," she thought, with a low laugh; and suddenly and dextrously unlocked and unbolted the door, threw it open, and said, "Walk in, if you please."

No one was there. There was nothing before her but a dark passage, ending in darkness. The solitary glance at her feet showed her, not only that no one was there, but that no one had been there at all. The dust of twenty years, so lightly laid by the hand of ever busy Nature, was untouched. The foot of a spider might be traced on it, but not that of a man. The door had been tried by hands not of this world.

So her horror revived again tenfold; but, in her obstinacy, she went on into the passage. And as she went she turned round and saw the marks of her own footsteps in the dust. She was the first there. There were no other footsteps. The door had been tried by a ghost: and she went on until she came to the head of the stairs, at the foot of which her mother had been picked up dead. And as she looked down them her candle struck against something, and she saw that it was a halter hanging from the ceiling, with a noose in it, ready for any man to put his head into. Had there been a corpse as ghastly as that of Bewick's over the trout-stream in it, she could not have been more unutterably terrified. She fled swiftly, with some member of the other world's skinny hand entwined in her back hair, with a view of detaining her and showing her a little more. But she was strong and resolute; and when she had got back to her bedroom, locked and bolted the door, put Carry's bed back, and found her back hair unruffled, she began to believe that she had been making a fool of herself, and thought she would go and look at her friends.

Mr. Akin was what you may call a violent sleeper. Like the famous Hackney-coachman of our youth, Tamaroo, whatever he did was done with fury and effusion. The frantic physical exertion which that young man had to go through in going to sleep would have ruined some constitutions. It was a University race to him going to sleep, and a ten-mile handicap (he starting from Scatch) for him to wake up again. At this time he was quiescent. He had taken off his velveteen coat, strangled himself with the arms round his neck, and suffocated himself by ramming his head into one of the hare-pockets. He likewise found it necessary to cross his left leg over his body, and hold on tight by his left boot with his right hand. It was impossible, in regarding this young man in his sleep, to avoid wondering what Mrs. Akin thought of it.

In a similar way, when one looked at Mr. Spicer at rest, one wondered whether Mrs. Spicer, in spite of accumulating wealth and good position, did not wish that there might be a few alterations in trifling details. For Mr. Spicer, though a quiet sleeper, lay on his back, and spread himself out in every possible direction, snoring magnificently. And, moreover, he talked in his sleep, very constantly, as people who sleep under constant expectation of being awakened always do. And Rebecca heard him say, as she watched them for a moment, "Jane's mother is a lie. The chaney and tea-spoons was give to you by word of mouth."

This was realistic enough to do away with the folly of the deserted staircase; her father's conduct dissipated her silly terror much more.

He was sitting up before his writing-table, examining papers and accounts. "Come in, old girl," he said. "Is there any news?"

"There is none yet, father," she said. "How are you to-night?"

"I am better, my love; hard at work, you see."

"Pa," she said, "is it wise of you to work?"

"My dear," he said, "believe an old man. Mere work never hurt any one in this world. Just look at the lives of our public men. Those who have lived the longest are generally found to have worked the hardest. Work don't kill: excitement does. This mechanical work which I am doing now is doing me more good than a doctor's shopful of medicine. Where have you been?"

"I have been frightened, father. I opened the door behind Carry's bed, and I got utterly terrified. There was a rope there with a noose to it, as though one was going to hang himself"

"You silly child, to frighten yourself with fancies when there is real danger abroad. That is the rope of the old bell which hangs in the cupola."

"Gracious me!" said Rebecca. "What a gaby I must have been not to think of *that!*"

"Did you see many ghosts?" said Mr. Turner.

"Heaps," said Rebecca.

"How many?"

"A dozen or two. One of them turned the handle of the door, under my nose."

"A ghost, you think? Be sure."

"Oh yes, a ghost. The dust on the staircase was quite undisturbed."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes, I am quite sure."

"Because we must mind that they do not get in *that* way."

"I will put my sheets on Carry's bed, and sleep there," said Rebecca.

"I would if I were you," said her father. "Ho! They will not come to-night."

"Will they come at all, father?"

"They will most certainly come, one would fancy. But they will come soon, I should think. It is possible that they have been round the house to-night, and have seen us moving. Leave those two good fellows to sleep here for another night or so. We can reward them."

Morning dawned, and there was no sign of any burglary. Rebecca had a consultation with Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin before they went away.

"My opinion is, Miss," said Akin (and Spicer hung on his words as on those of an expert), "that they won't try it on until every thing is quiet. Is it plate, Miss, or is it jewels?"

"Neither," said Rebecca. "Papers."

Spicer and Akin looked at one another and laughed. "Lord love you, Miss; that accounts for the swell being in it. Papers, oh? He'll get another professional hand—we sprung one—and they will make a mess of it at last. Have you got a pistol, or any kind of fire-arm?"

"We have pistols; but I am a little afraid of them."

"Well, we will sleep here, turn and turn about, for a week. Arter that, if you hear any thing fire your pistol and we will be with you. The little dog is your best alarm. I wish you and your father slept closer together. You trust to us and the little dog."

"Do you know any thing about the part of our house which is shut up?" asked Rebecca.

"The part under the bell-tower, Miss? No, I don't, and I don't want to."

"Come with me, then," said Rebecca. "Good-morning, Mr. Spicer, and a hundred thanks."

Akin, left alone with Rebecca, exhibited a strange unwillingness to follow her. Still you would be utterly mistaken if you fancied that a cockney was neither chivalrous nor superstitious. He would sooner have fought any man within a mile than have followed Rebecca. He would sooner have seen a man privately hanged than have gone into the disused part of the house, "where the accident was."

But she took him to her bedroom. "You see, Mr. Akin, you know more of this sort of thing than I do." (He knew more than he need have done.) "I am going to put my bed across this door. Just move that bed, will you, and come with me."

Akin followed most unwillingly, though it was broad day. "Do you see these footsteps?" she asked, when they were in the passage; "they are mine last night. Do you see any others?"

"There have been no footsteps but those of yourn for twenty years, Miss," said Akin, with emphasis. "Are you going any farther?"

"Yes," said Rebecca; "I want to see what is below."

And she led the way down the stairs, Akin following in the same state of mind as Shimei.

"You are quite right," she chattered, "the stairs are piled with dust. It was all my fancy last night about some one having got in here. There is not a foot-mark on the dust. See, here, at the bottom of the stairs, is a shoe with a blue rosette; I will have *that.*"

"Come away, Miss, and leave it alone," said Akin, sharply; "there is ghostesses enough without yourn." For Akin had a shrewd suspicion that this shoe had been left there after the removal of Rebecca's mother from the very same place.

Rebecca got scared also, and came back with him somewhat hurriedly, with the ghost feeling at her back. But she brought the shoe with her too.

"If you put your bed across that door, Miss," said Akin, "as you propose, you stop 'em that way. I can't make out myself which way they will come. There is plenty if we leaves watching."

"*Do* you think they will come at all, Mr. Akin?" said Rebecca, confidentially.

"Will they come? I gather that there is forged papers. I gather that there is a swell with cash. I gather that the governor has those papers here. And that swell will come after those papers, with professional assistance, as sure as they apple-trees will blossom next April. Sooner or later he will have those papers. Why, if he will get two years for 'em, it stands to reason that he will chance three (and it's seldom more for a first offense), for stealing 'em. He'll come fast enough."

"What *can* poor father do?" said Rebecca.

"That is easy enough to tell," said Akin; "let your pa write to that swell, and say, 'Here, Tom,' and he says, 'you have been a-writing of other folks' names here, and I have got the writings. None of your gammon,' says your father; 'I've got your forged writing, and I'll Old Bailey you as sure as there *is* a Old Bailey.' Says your pa again, 'You have been a-hanging about my little place, and giving a world of trouble, keeping Akin and Spicer up all night, and my daughter and me sleeps habitual with Armstrong revolvers in consequence of your goings on. Why,' says your pa, 'you are a regular nuisance, that is about what you are. But I'll tell you what I'll do with you,' says your pa; 'you send me ten thousand pounds, notes of the Bank of England, and you shall have they documents. Not otherwise. There's been several rows,' says your pa, 'about convicted swells being kep' in the okum-yard, at the Ouse of Crection; but Portland is bleak for delicate constutions in the spring months, and the beaks theirselves has been touched up in some of their speculations, and they mean Portland and nothing short.' That is what your father ought to say to this young swell. Your father, as a gentleman, would naturally dress it up, and draw it milder than an ignorant man like me. Still, I wish the plant was mine. I'd have the old girl to Ramsgate every year if it was."

"It might be yours," said Rebecca, suddenly, with that strange heedlessness which was the great fault in her.

"Don't say such dreadful things as those, Miss," said Akin, turning pale; "that ain't worthy of you."

"What have I said?" said Rebecca, aghast.

"What was wrote in that book, Miss, which you give us, about Charles Steward?"

"The Pretender, yes. What have I said?"

"It is wrote down in that book, Miss, that Charles Steward, who had been up to some game or other, I never made out what, had thirty thousand pounds set on his head. And he was loose among the Highlanders (a bad lot), and not one of them gave the pleece the office on him, not one out of all them—not for thirty thousand pound. And you would rank me lower than a common Highland drover."

"Dear Akin, I did not mean it. I spoke only in compliment. I *know* you would never turn on us. Please don't be angry."

There was a child in heaven who had left her footprints behind her, which prevented Jim ever being angry with Rebecca. Still she had heedlessly touched his honor. There is a mass of potential chivalry in this queer nation of ours, to which, under our present military *régime*, we do not get. I wish I had the Queen's commission to raise a regiment. Kingsley's foot should be as terrible as my grand-uncle Kingsley's horse. And equally queer in their antecedents, I doubt. I should trouble Lord Shaftesbury for about two dozen from Field Lane to begin with.

To Rebecca the next fortnight was actually worse than any time since the breaking of the Gresham bank. Her father had told her that the house would be broken into for the forged papers, which was one evidence, and Akin, a most experienced man, had confirmed his opinion emphatically. So she believed in it day after day less and less, and after Mr. Spicer and Mr. Akin had taken to sleep at home she was quite comfortable. They were all wrong together. She had never really believed in it at all.

The weather might have been better, for even in this part of the metropolis it howled and raved. St. Swithin had been unpropitious, and the land was deluged and flown. Still, Mr. Morley was possibly safe, and wind was better than burglary.

"Pa," she said, one night, "they are not going to rob and murder us at all."

"I am glad to hear it, my dear; for I am getting very ill."

"Shall I sleep in your room, pa?"

"No. Let me have the little dog. That is a very dear little dog, Rebecca."

"You can have the dog, pa. She is very nice. Let me sleep in your room, dear."

"No, no," said Mr. Turner. "I am well enough, only I am very ill indeed."

"You have not been to the office for ten days, pa; you are not well."

"I am going to sell out of the business, my love. It was too much for me."

"And the papers?" said Rebecca.

"You will hear about *them*," said he. And they went to their respective beds.

Rebecca, with her bed across the mysterious door, went to sleep and dreamed of absolutely nothing. She told Alfred Morley in aftertimes that she never dreamed less in her life than she did that night. After, as it seemed to her, a good night's sleep, she was awakened by what she thought was morning. But it was not morning at all. It was the light of a lantern on her face, held by a man with a black mask on, and two others behind him.

"Miss Turner," said this man, "we must trouble you to get up. If you speak we shall use violence."

"How on earth did they get in?" thought Rebecca. "This is your burglary, is it? *I'll* manage *your* business," she added to herself. "Mr. Philpott, you have no possible business in a lady's bedroom. If you only came after your own forgeries we should not care; but there are others. If you will retire I will go to my father, and *your* rascalities shall be put into your own hand."

Young Philpott took the key from the door without one solitary word and locked the door on the outside. The instant he did so Rebecca was out of bed. She wrapped herself in her dressing-gown, and pulling her bed aside, unlocked and unbolted the door, ran barefooted to the rope of the bell which hung in the turret.

Philpott heard the door unlocked, and ran in. But he was too late; the pluck and nerve of that solitary and defenseless girl had beaten his well-laid plot. The girl who was to have been intimidated, and held as hostage until the necessary papers were got from her father, had passed through their net. Instead of cowering among them in terror, she was pulling resolutely at a rope, and sending forth upon the night air clang, clang, clang, in a terrible staccato, which in old times would have brought thirty thousand men out of St. Antoine, and even now would people it with ghosts, if there were a St. Antoine—a tocsin which promised to rouse Walham Green, if not St. Antoine.

Her enemies were utterly beaten. Philpott (no fool) was prepared for both pluck and obstinacy; for such rapidly acting dexterity he was not prepared. The girl's brains were keener than his. He was unused to crime, and accustomed to music. When he heard his burglary proclaimed at midnight in an amorphous staccato (I am sorry to use bad language), he fled. When he thought of the courage and dexterity through which Rebecca had outwitted him, he fled faster for mere shame. The bell, disused and dumb for twenty years, went on clang, clang, clang, clang, proclaiming him to the world as a ruined gamester, who had staked all to keep his wife's respect, and had lost. The poor fellow fled away.

Lost through the courage and dexterity of an idle girl, who was going to be married to a Methodist parson—if he came back; but who had had messages from the sea which gave her sailor's courage, and sailor's recklessness. And she still went on ringing that horrible bell. And if he had gone back and cut her throat it would have been much the same. He had met with a nature more powerful than his own. He was beaten. His wife must know all now, and he was desperate, for he, potential felon as he was, did not trust her.

One hardly knows sometimes whether Providence is kind or unkind. In the end, it seems to me (and to others) that Providence always acts for the best. When you come to mere details, any one can say Providence should have done otherwise. One would say to those who question the government of this world that you must *wait*. One would say to them, *par exemple*, was not the 2d December the seal of Democracy, not of wax, but of iron?

I have only a very poor little illustration to offer for my pretentious theory. It gets infinitesimally small as one looks at it. Still, granting that the little dog Mab was not brought into the world for nothing, you must grant this.

When Rebecca began clanging the bell Mab began to bark, and aroused Mr. Turner, who put on his trowsers, and got hold of his pistol. Coming out he met young Philpott in a mask, but knew him, and challenged him by name, holding his pistol toward him. Philpott, in his desperation, fired at him and wounded him, and Mr. Turner fell at the head of the stairs.

The whole district was gathered round now. Akin and Spicer were in and had Philpott and his accomplices in hand very quickly. Turner only said, "Let them go before the police come, and stop that bell. Where is Rebecca?"

Akin, the dextrous, assisted by Spicer, carried the captured men through Rebecca's bedroom, to get down the back-stairs. On their way they came on Rebecca ringing away as hard as ever.

"For Heaven's sake, Miss, stop that noise," said Akin; "the parish engine's in the lane. Let us get these folks out this way. Is there any road this way?"

There was, it seemed, and Philpott and his friends were got out. There was nothing saved from the bankruptcy save his wife's fortune, and she knows nothing of his midnight meeting with Rebecca. To pleasanter matters.

A TWILIGHT PICTURE.

'Tis a sweet Sabbath eve in summer time,
And lovers twain, with hand enclasped in hand,
Upon a flower-hemmed meadow pathway stand,
Beside a stile they care not yet to climb.
Before them spread fair uplands crowned with pine,
That, sharply on the amber sky defined,
Stand up black-green against it; while behind,
A wood's dark edge with strongly penciled line
Curves round a hill. Fair is the sylvan scene,
And oh! so sweet the tender twilight hour—
So sweet, and yet so sad. A silvery sheen
Falls like an after-thought on leaf and flower;
And such deep calm abounds, the very air
Breathes low and faint, like one engaged in prayer.

EMBLEMATIC POETRY.

Although specimens of *emblematic* poetry of the seventeenth century may be familiar to the reader, yet we venture to subjoin a modern imitation in the present vernacular, which will please at least patrons of the curious. The following is from the *Musical World*, and is entitled:

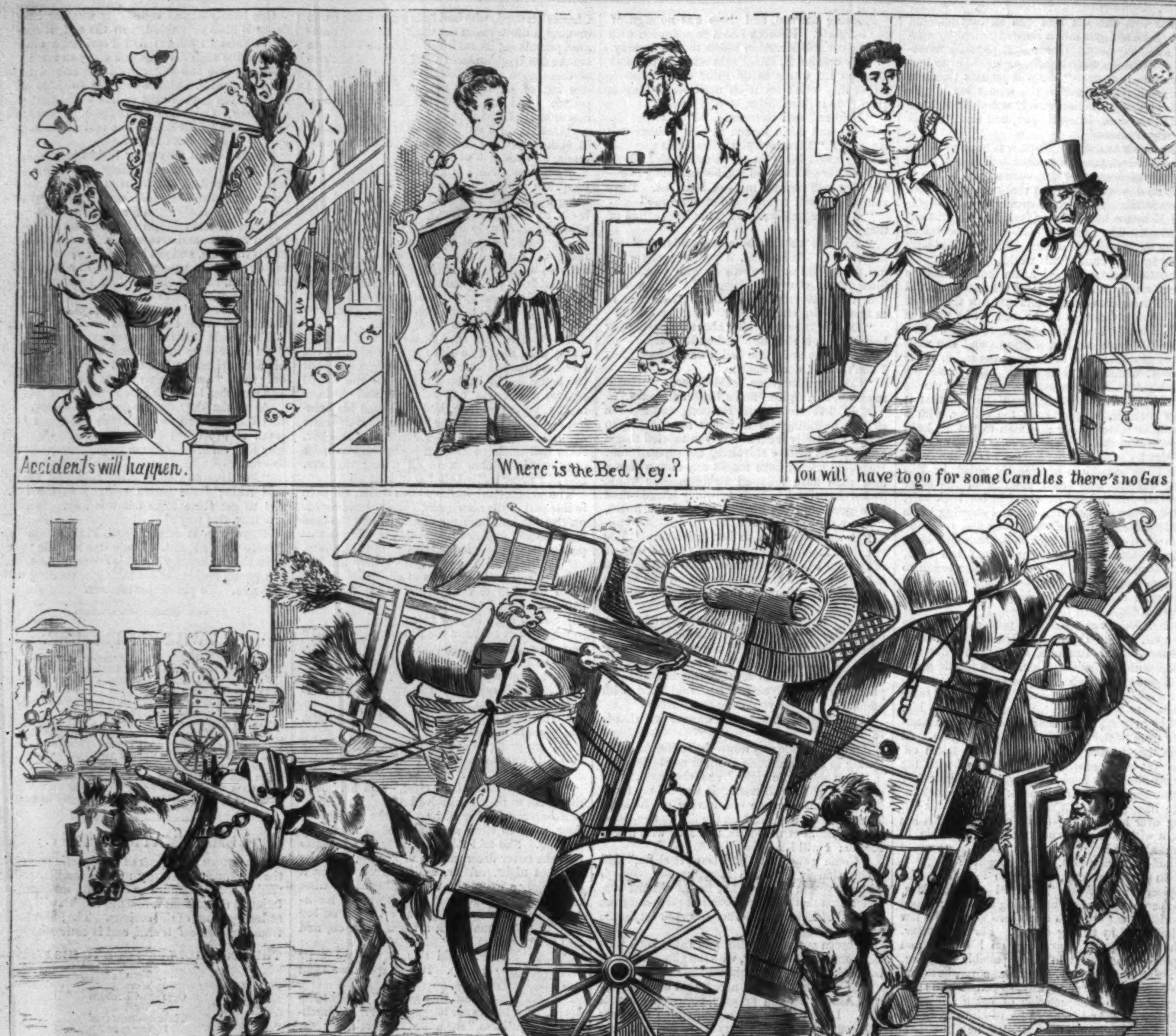
THE POOR FIDDLER'S ODE TO HIS FIDDLE.

Torn
Worn
Oppressed I mourn
Bad
Three-quarters mad
Money gone
Credit none
Duns at door
Half a score
Wife in lain
Twins again
Others ailing
Nurse a railing
Billy hooping
Betsy crouping
Besides poor Joe
With fester'd toe.
Come, then, my Fiddle,
Come, my time-worn friend,
With gay and brilliant sounds
Some sweet tho' transient solace lend.
Thy polished neck in close embrace
I clasp, while joy illumes my face.
When o'er thy strings I draw my bow,
My drooping spirit pants to rise;
A lively strain I touch—and, lo!
I seem to mount above the skies.
There on Fancy's wing I soar,
Heedless of the duns at door;
Oblivious all I feel my woes no more,
But skip o'er the strings,
As my old fiddle sings,
"Cheerily oh! merrily go!
Presto! good master,
You very well know
I will find Music
If you will find bow,
From E, up in alto, to G, down below."
Fatigued, I pause to change the time
For some Adagio, solemn and sublime.
With graceful action moves the sinuous arm,
My heart, responsive to the soothing charm,
Throbs equably; while every health-corroding care
Lies prostrate, vanquished by the soft mellifiuous air.
More and more plaintive grown, my eyes with tears o'erflow,
And resignation mild soon soothes my wrinkled brow.
Reedy Hautboy may squeak, wailing Flauto may squall,
The Serpent may grunt, and the Trombone may bawl;
But, by Poll my old Fiddle's the prince of them all.
Could e'en Dryden return, thy praise to rehearse,
His Ode to Cecilia would seem rugged verse.
Now to thy case, in flannel warm to lie,
Till called again to pipe thy master's eye.

The following is a second example of torturing verse into the form of

THE WINE-GLASS.

Who hath woe? Who hath sorrow?
Who hath contentions? Who
hath wounds without cause?
Who hath redness of eyes?
They that tarry long at the
wine! They that go to
seek mixed wine! Look
not thou upon the
wine when it is red,
when it giveth its
color in the
CUP;
when it
moveth itself
aright.
At
the last
it biteth like a
serpent, and stingeth like an adder.



THE FIRST OF MAY IN NEW YORK CITY.—[DRAWN BY THOMAS WORTH.]

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING, WASHINGTON.

We give on this page an illustration of the New Building erected by the Young Men's Christian Association at Washington. The plan of its erection, by a joint stock company, which was afterward put into the act of incorporation (approved March 2, 1867), was presented by a special committee on the building, consisting of General S. L. Brown, Messrs. H. D. Cooke, and B. H. Steinmetz. The Board of Directors held their first meeting under the act April 2, and reorganized by the election of Chief Justice S. P. Chase as President; General O. O. Howard and John R. Elvans, Vice-Presidents; General J. A. Ekin, Secretary; and H. D. Cooke, Treasurer; who are all at this time the officers of the Board.

In May the large lot at the corner of Ninth and D streets, on which the building now stands, was purchased, and the work of the demolition of the old buildings commenced somewhat later. The corner-stone was laid, November 27, by Chief Justice Chase, in the presence of a large gathering of citizens. General Howard presided on the occasion; and Senators Wilson and Frelinghuysen, and Rev. Messrs. Brown, Gurley, Boynton, Tustin, Butler, Emory, Gillette, and Hamilton took part in the exercises.

The building is erected by a joint stock company, who are authorized to issue a capital stock not exceeding $200,000, and which is governed by a Board of Directors. All net receipts over six per cent. on the capital stock become the property of the Young Men's Christian Association, to be used by them in buying up the capital stock at rates not exceeding par.

The lot on which the building is erected contains about 11,000 square feet. The building will contain on the first-floor five large stores, having extensive cellars connected with them. On the second-floor will be the rooms designed for the parlors, reading-room, library, and gymnasium for the Association. It will also contain the largest public hall in the city, being capable of seating 1500 persons, and give each one a chair. The form of the hall will be like the ancient theatre, with the stage as the centre of a semicircle of seats, arranged in segments, rising one above the other. An unobstructed view of the stage will thus be given from all parts of the house.

The upper story will be divided into rooms for offices, artists' studios, and the like.

The exterior is constructed of cut Seneca stone, and it is believed that no building in the city, erected by private enterprise, will exceed it in beauty. It has been constructed by Thomas M. Plowman of Washington. The total cost of the building and lot will be about $140,000.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[Photographed by L. E. Walker, Washington.]

THE MOLE AT HOME.

The most diligent and instructive historian of the mole is Henri Le Court, who, flying from the terrors that came in the train of the French Revolution, betook himself to the country, and from being the attendant on a Court became the biographer of this humble animal.

We shall first briefly describe the adaptation of its structure to its habits. The bony framework is set in motion by very powerful muscles, those of the chest and neck being most vigorous. The wide hand, which is the great instrument of action, and performs the offices of a pick-axe and shovel, is sharp-edged on its lower margin, and when clothed with the integuments the fingers are hardly distinguishable. The muzzle of the mole is evidently a delicate organ of touch, as are also the large and broad hands and feet; and the tail has much sensitiveness, to give notice to the animal of the approach of any attack from behind. Its taste and smell, especially the latter, are very sensitive. Its sight is almost rudimentary. The little eye is so hidden in the fur that its very existence was for a long time doubted. It appears to be designed for operating only as a warning to the animal on its emerging into the light; indeed, more acute vision would only have been an encumbrance. If the sight be imperfect the sense of hearing is very acute, and the tympanum very large, though there is no external ear, perhaps because the earth assists considerably in vibration. The fore-feet are inclined sideways, so as to answer the use of hands, to scoop out the earth to form its habitation or pursue its prey, and to fling all the loose soil

THE WILD-CAT AND HER LITTER.

behind the animal. The breast-bone in shape resembles a plow-share. The skin is so tough as only to be cut by a very sharp knife. The hair is very short and close-set, and softer than the finest silk; color black; some spotted and cream-colored. This hair is yielding; had it been strong, as in the rat or mouse, it would doubly have retarded the progress of the creature; first by its resistance, and then acting as a brush, so as to choke up the galleries, by removing the loose earth from the sides and ceilings of the galleries.

During summer the mole runs in search of snails and worms in the night-time among the grass, which pursuit makes it the prey of owls. The mole shows great art in skinning a worm, which it always does before it eats it, by stripping the skin from end to end, and squeezing out the contents of the body. It is doubtful whether any other animal exists which is obliged to eat at such short intervals as the mole, ten or twelve hours appearing to be the maximum of its fasting; at the end of that time it dies. Cuvier tells us that if two moles are shut up together without food there will shortly be nothing left of the weakest but its skin, slit along the belly! Buffon accuses moles of eating all the acorns of a newly-set soil. Its voracity makes the mole a great drinker: a run is always formed to a pond or ditch as a reservoir; when it is too distant the animal sinks little wells, which have sometimes been seen brimful.

To afford proof of the rapidity with which the mole will travel along its passages, Le Court watched his opportunity, and when the animal was on its feed at one of the most distant points from its sanctuary or fortress, to which point the mole's high-road leads, Le Court placed along the course of that road, between the animal and the fortress, several little camp colors, so to speak, the staff of each being a straw, and the flag a bit of paper, at certain distances, the straws penetrating down into the passage. Near the end of this subterraneous road he inserted a horn, the mouth-piece of which stood out of the ground. When all was ready Le Court blew a blast loud enough to frighten all the moles within hearing. Down went the little flags in succession with astonishing velocity, as the terrified mole, rushing along toward his sanctuary, came in contact with the flag-straws; and the spectators affirmed that the mole's swiftness was equal to the speed of a horse at a good round trot.

In the domain of the mole the principal point is the habitation, or fortress, constructed under a considerable hillock raised in some secure place, often at the root of a tree or under a bank. The dome of the fortress is of earth, beaten by the mole-architect into a compact and solid state. Inside is formed a circular gallery at the base, which communicates with a smaller upper gallery by means of five passages. Within the lower gallery is the chamber or dormitory, which has access to the upper gallery by three passages, From this habitation extends the high-road by which the proprietor reaches the opposite end of the encampment; the galleries open into this road, which the mole is continually carrying out and extending in his search for food; this has been termed the *hunting-ground.* Another road extends, first downward, and then up into the open road of the territory. Some eight or nine other passages open out from the external circular gallery. From the habitation a road is carried out, nearly straight, and connected with the encampment and the alleys leading to the hunting-ground which open into it on each side. In diameter the road exceeds the body of a mole, but its size will not admit of two moles passing each other. The walls, from the repeated pressure of the animal's sides, become smooth and compact. Sometimes a mole will lay out a second or even a third road; or several individuals use one road in common, though they never trespass on each other's hunting-grounds.

If two moles should happen to meet in the same road one must retreat into the nearest alley, unless they fight, when the weakest is often slain. In forming this tunnel the mole's instinct drives it at a greater or less depth, according to the quality of the soil or other circumstances. When it is carried under a road or stream, a foot and a half of earth, or sometimes more, is left above it. Then does the little engineering mole carry on the subterraneous works necessary for his support, traveling, and comfort; and his tunnels never fall in. The quality or humidity of the soils which regulates the abundance of earth-worms determines the greater or less depth of the alleys; and when these are filled with stores of food the mole works out branch alleys.

M. St. Hilaire describes the pairings, or, as he calls it, "the loves of the moles." As soon as the mole has finished the galleries he brings his mate along with him, and shuts her up in the bridal gallery, taking care to prevent the entrance of his rivals: in case of a fight they enlarge the part of the gallery where they are met, and the victory is decided in favor of him who first wounds his adversary before the ear. The female, during the fight, is shut up in the bridal gallery, so as to be unable to escape; for which purpose, however, she uses all her resources in digging, and attempts to get away by the side passages. Should she succeed the conqueror hastens to rejoin his faithless mate, and to bring her back into his galleries. This manœuvre is repeated as often as other males enter the lists. At length the conqueror is recognized, and his mate becomes more docile. The pair work together and finish the galleries; after which the female digs alone for food. As soon as the galleries are formed the male conducts his mate to a certain point; and from this time the female no longer digs in the solid earth, but toward the surface, advancing by merely separating the roots of the grass.

The mole is a great friend to the farmer; but there are places in which he is a public enemy. He is not a vegetable feeder, and he never roots up the growing corn in spring-time, except when he is after grubs, snails, and wire-worms. It has been calculated that two moles destroy 20,000 white worms in a year. He is very destructive to underdrains; and where the land is low we are in danger of a deluge from his piercing holes in the drain-banks. Thus it would be madness not to extirpate moles in those places where the waters, in drains or rivers, are above the level of the lands around, especially when the banks are made of sand or earth of loose texture.

How to Purchase a Clothes Wringer.—In purchasing a Clothes Wringer we prefer one with cog-wheels, as they greatly relieve the rubber rolls from strain that would otherwise occur, and add much to the durability of the machine. The next point is to see that the cog-wheels are so arranged as not to fly apart when a large article is passing between the rollers. It matters not whether the cog-wheels are on one end or both ends of the shaft, if large articles disconnect them they are entirely useless. This is very important, for, as the larger the article, the greater the strain; therefore, if the cog-wheels separate so as to disconnect, they are of no service when most needed. We have taken some pains to examine the various Wringers, and much prefer the "Universal," as lately improved, because it has long and strong gears (Rowell's Patent Double Gear), and is the only Wringer with "Patent Stop," for preventing the cog-wheels from separating so far as to lose their power.—*New England Farmer.*

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

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Staten Island.

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Interesting to Ladies.—I have had one of Grover & Baker's Machines in use *fourteen years*, during which time I have worked constantly on it, and it has never cost *one cent* for repairs. E. A. Page,
Keene, N. H.

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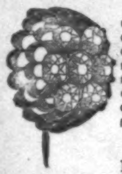

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